THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIX No. 1811 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — OCT. 6 1934

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THE SPHERE

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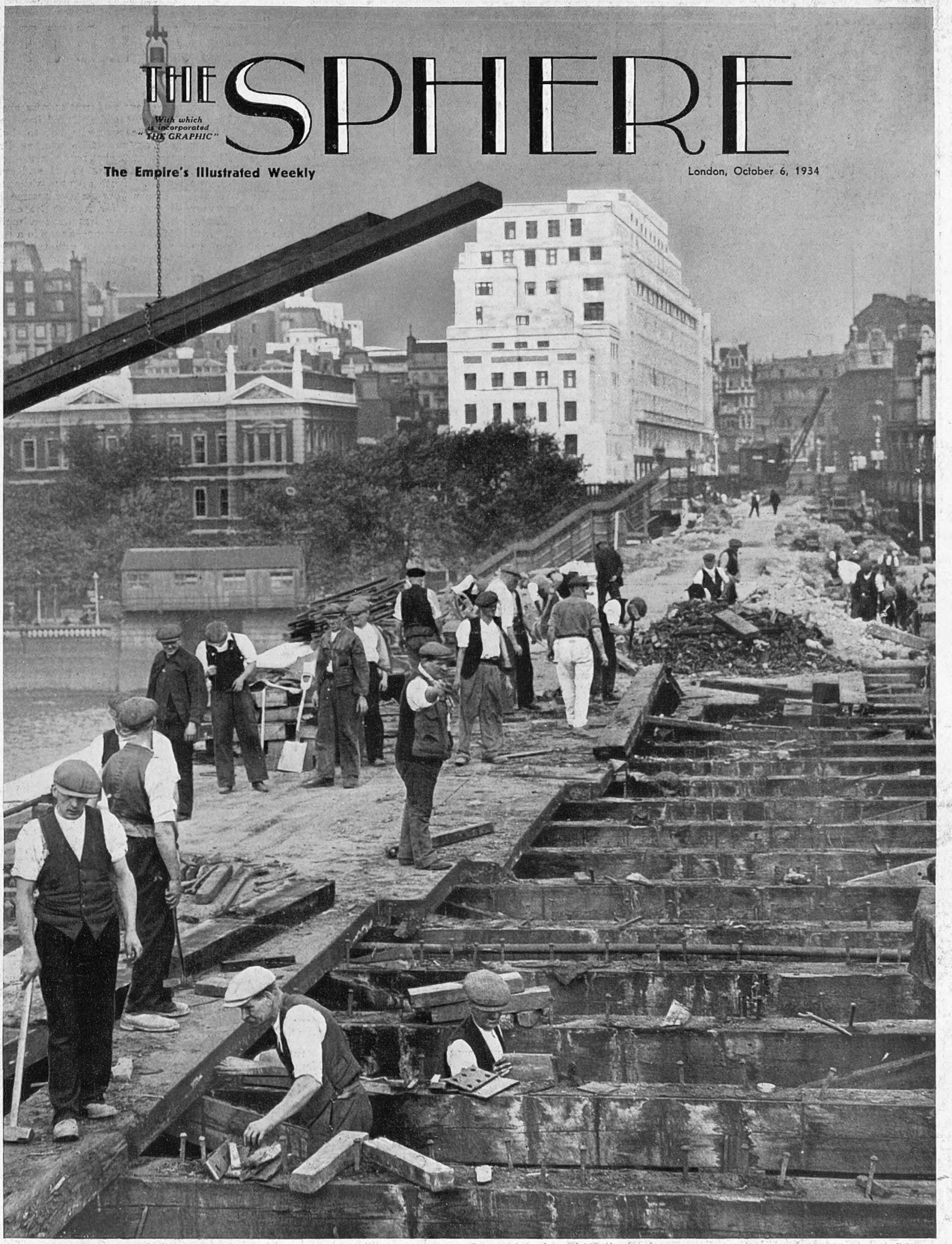
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, October 6, 1934



THE LAST PHASE

Waterloo Bridge as it is To-day

The work of demolishing Rennie's masterpiece continues apace. The balustrades have been sold to the public as souvenirs, and to-day the structure is almost unrecognizable as the stately bridge upon which Canova, the great Italian sculptor, once lavished his praise. This picture was taken a few days ago after the workmen had broken up the roadway and were engaged in removing the stout beams supporting it. Now begins the last and vital stage when the utmost care must be exercised to prevent a wholesale collapse. Steel trusses are being placed between each pier, holes are being bored vertically into each arch, and through these will be passed suspension bars which will attach the trusses to specially constructed centering beneath the arches. Thus a proper balance will be maintained and it will be possible to dislodge the keystones in safely and with the minimum of interference to traffic on the river

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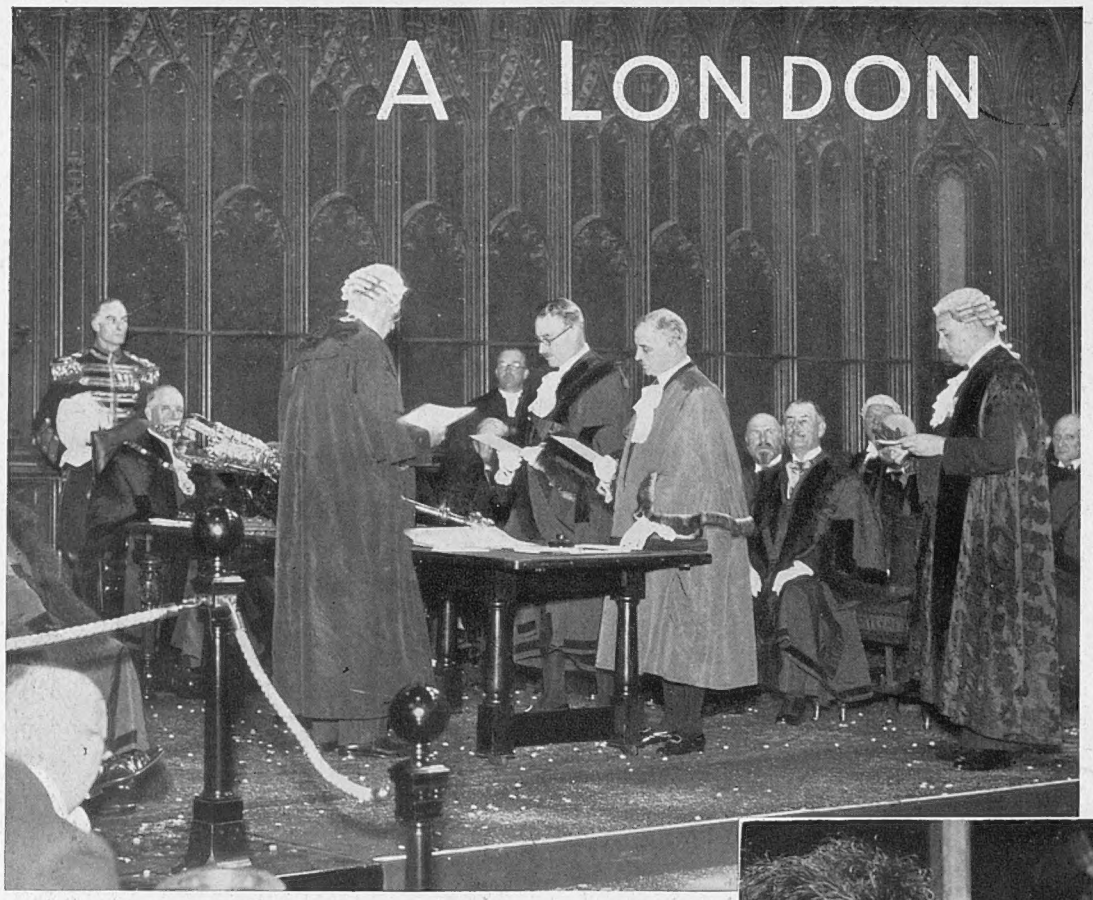
A LONDON NEWSLETTER



POTENTIAL LORD MAYORS: Alderman H. E. A. Twyford and Mr. J. S. Pearse taking the oath at the Guildhall after being made Sheriffs of the City of London. In the year 1383 it was ordained "that no person shall from henceforth be Mayor in the said City if he has not first been Sheriff of the said City, to the end that he may be tried in governance and bounty before he attains such estate of the mayoralty"

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 3, 1934.

POST OFFICE PROGRESS.

—When the achievements of the National Government come to be marshalled for electioneering purposes, those of the P.M.G. will be starred. A telephone at long last really is becoming an efficient and economical household necessity. The rentals to-day compare favourably with other countries and long-distance communication, already efficient, is brought within the means of subscribers of small means. We are told that 6d. telegrams may follow. I am not so hopeful of this. Long-distance telephony always affected the use of telegraphy, and a cutting of the rates must further affect it. One long-distance telephone conversation of one minute is better than an exchange of half-a-dozen telegrams. But if 6d. telegrams come, we shall fret and fume for penny postage once more. The P.M.G. is hailed as a new Rowland Hill, and he can hardly remain happy under this high praise until he has returned to the Rowland Hill high-water-mark. *Nous verrons.* The P.M.G. has delivered the goods during the present Government's reign. So I think have the Chancellor and the Minister of Health. The list of "business done" by the first Transport Minister who shows signs of determination to cut the cackle and lay some eggs (at whatever cost), is still to be compiled. But Mr. Hore-Belisha is sitting, and results are awaited with hope and friendly encouragement. We have had so much talk, read the reports of so many commissions on this and that since the War, that we have come to set a high value on things done and to read with correspondingly deep cynicism lists of agenda. The P.M.G.'s reforms *may* upset the P.O. Budget (an annual plum in Budget pie). The Transport Minister's expected measures may fail to reduce road deaths. We are willing to take these risks. We are prepared to pay for deeds in a world grown rotten with "safety first" talk. It is the price we have paid for democratic government which, before all, saps the courage of statesmen.

A GENERAL UNGUMMED.

—Last week General Johnson resigned as head of the N.R.A. Frank and uncompromising, the very moral of a high-powered dictator, he had ranged against him almost from the first the big business chiefs, and latterly the trades union leaders. He had moreover alienated many of his colleagues by his dominating personality, and incidentally he had come to admit that the job as he had shaped it, was too big for any one man, even a superman. There was at least good ground for doubt concerning his methods. Big business saw in them the most dangerous features of socialism, control of private business by State officials, and State supported enterprise to cut out private enterprise. Amateur economists viewed with terror the hideous outpouring of uncountable millions on schemes for rehabilitation and employment and saw national bankruptcy ahead; and the thoughtful public saw in the ever-increasing unrest in industry—strikes and violence—proof positive that the N.R.A. under General Johnson was proving an experiment as dangerous and ineffective as it was costly. A complete reorganization of the N.R.A. will follow, and General Johnson's own job is likely to be shared out among several. His responsibility was far too heavy for any one man. General Johnson is not likely to suffer financially by his fall. He is one of those high-powered and by no means worn-out engines for whose services industries and corporations in the States will always bid with fantastically high bribes.

THE "QUEEN MARY."—

Everything went off to perfection, on greased slips. British ingenuity triumphed, British initiative and energy received the praise they deserved from the fountain of honour; in seventy-five seconds, in real Glasgow rain, the great river and its tributary received by a matter of inches John Brown's body, and she was soon manœuvred back to her new dock. The King of broadcasters and of England spoke with the clearness and the dignity which none can equal. And the Queen, co-operating happily with the latest marvels of electricity, broke a bottle of Empire wine and named the fine child after herself. There was no tidal wave, no casualty, no disaster but the rain. It was very much like Ascot, rain and all. And the union of British enterprise with the River Clyde is likely to be blessed with another child. A second happy event is confidently predicted. The *Queen Mary* will be lonely in solitary grandeur, and we shall not get the best from her until she has a sister. Truly we are splendidly

FROM OFFICE BOY TO CIVIC CHIEF: Sir Stephen Molyneux Killik (right) who has been chosen by the Livery to be the next Lord Mayor of London. He is seen here with Alderman Sir Louis Newton after the election last Saturday. Sir Stephen started work in the City at a salary of five shillings a week

gambling in futures once more. Mammoth liners are doubtful blessings, but it is the right moment for speculation on a grand scale.

PARISIAN UNDERCURRENTS.

—Paris may seem a pleasant enough place to those returning from Continental holidays. The excitements of autumn fashions and the return to normal life and work always make her stimulating at this season; but below the surface political undercurrents are fierce and dangerous. In every country since the War a spirit of restlessness begins to grow when the Government in power has been in office a couple of years or so. It is a reaction, inevitable but not always justified, against the slowness of progress. But France differs from other countries in this: that her political reactions and restlessness are so often due, not to the alleged incompetence of her Governments but to their alleged corruption. The average Frenchman for decades has regarded the professional politician with naked and cynical distrust. Not always without reason. Always Jacques Bonhomme is on the look out for a man he can trust with power. He has such a man now in M. Doumergue—a man in a thousand—and it may seem odd that, having had Jacques was never more suspicious than now. He can look back in memory or history to a number of public scandals from the Diamond Necklace down to Dreyfus and Stavisky, which have improved and exaggerated the occasional instances of gross corruption among officials in power and office. It is, of course, now and still, the Stavisky affair which is causing public opinion and press opinion in France to seethe. Every day fresh "revelations," engineered or extracted, afford party propaganda and increase public suspicion, and nothing constructive can be done until the Prince mystery and the Stavisky affair are decently and satisfactorily cleared up. Only the President and Premier can do it, and it is high time they got to work. For France is behindhand with vital work of government. The Budget is still on the agenda; the vexed question of remaining on the gold standard must be tackled and put behind; and there can be no industrial revival until in vital commodities retail selling prices are standardized to a just margin of profit over cost of production. Until Stavisky's ghost is laid the average Frenchman will continue to trust no one and nothing from his Government to his neighbour, from the 20-franc silver piece to his nickel 5-franc piece which more often than not proves to be a 5-franc museum piece.

MANY SLIP 'TWIXT THE CUP.

—America retained the America's Cup. We have been less disappointed that we started less well. One more British yachtsman's challenger returns home disappointed and disillusioned. Mr. Sopwith does not feel that day that he will challenge again, and his designer, Mr. Nicholson, is pretty sure

FIGHTING FOR SUPREMACY OF THE HERD: [illegible] their most bellicose

Specially taken for THE SPHERE *by A. Console*

CELEBRITIES AT THE HIPPODROME: A remarkable picture taken in the stalls on the first night of the Bobby Howes-Binnie Hale success, *Yes, Madam?*, when a distinguished audience gave the show an enthusiastic reception. Third from the left in the front row is Mr. Gordon Selfridge, who seldom misses a new production, and sixth from the left in the second row is Cicely Courtneidge, screen and stage comedienne, and wife of the inimitable Jack Hulbert

Their ways, they say, are not our ways. It is not the first time we have heard such verdicts after international sporting contests. Nor is it unnatural that the victors should be mum and the complaints come from the losers. It pays to say nothing when you hold the tricks. As far as the ignorant can judge, *Rainbow* was slightly better equipped in personnel and perhaps as well equipped in design for winning in a series of tests under varying conditions in her home waters and under rules less comprehensible and congenial to her rival than to herself. America's Cup is deep-rooted in American soil, and it takes a persistent axe to cut through sixty years of growth. Stout Sir Thomas Lipton died axe in hand and blunted. I am not in favour of international sporting contests. There is always the "language" difficulty. But I seemed to feel an important improvement in the sportsmanship of the American public *vis-à-vis* the contest.

nbat at Whipsnade open-air zoo. These animals are in this time of the year

"GAMES MASTERS"—

The Times recently published its annual review of the football prospects at the public schools. This review caught the eye of Dr. Thomas Field, who was for many years round the beginning of the twentieth century headmaster of Radley. Genial at heart but sometimes brusque in manner, Dr. Field was one of the most dignified and awe-inspiring figures in the scholastic life of his day. His reason for writing to *The Times* about its football review was his realization of a danger to which most of us have long been alive—the effect produced on the boys' minds of the relative importance attached to athletics and scholarship. He deplores that the standard of teaching in schools is never referred to in the Press, while athletics receive in spring and autumn full-dress publicity. Dr. Field makes two forcible, if familiar, points: (1) This worship of athletics ensures that many boys receive far more prominence and adulation before they are nineteen than they are ever likely to receive afterwards. (2) "The position and achievements of *Bishops* are thrown into the shade by the athletic exploits of their schoolboy sons." It is terribly true. It has been true these thirty years. Bishops have little news value; schoolboy athletes quite a lot. And it is notorious that the young nowadays exhaust the "thrills" of life before they come to man's estate.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION.—

But what chiefly stimulates me to notice Dr. Field's observations is not their bombshell quality but the fact that Dr. Field speaks with authority of Radley. He is able to say that in old days at Radley there was the minimum of interference with the arrangement of the boys' games. It was left to the boys to arrange the journeys of visiting teams and to write the letters settling fixtures, etc. There never was, and is not yet, a "games master," as such alone, at Radley. That ideal assistant master, A. C. M. Croome, was first a brilliant teacher of the classics and of English prose style and, incidentally only, an adviser on games, when his advice was sought by the boys. Radley to-day is a great public school, greater and larger than in Dr. Field's day; but it must be admitted that it is not remarkable for scholarship; and that in teaching, in common with many of its rivals, there is a good deal of room for improvement. Yet at Radley, apparently, Dr. Field's criticism of the undue weight given to athletics is not so outrageous as elsewhere. Radley, then, on Dr. Field's reasoning, has less excuse than many other public schools for keeping alive the general suspicion among parents that they are not getting value for their money, if education is still a recognized item in the public school curriculum. But is it?

CHANGES AT ST. PAUL'S.

—St. Paul's is to have another new recruit. Doctor Inge has gone into retirement with a last splendid flourish of trumpets, a sonorous swan-song of sense and sanity; and Dr. Matthews has his office. But a canonry also falls vacant by the resignation of Canon Quick, and Dick Sheppard is to fill it to general satisfaction. He becomes Precentor also and will be in charge of the ordering of cathedral services. The famous vicar of St. Martin's was for a short time a Dean and quite easily dropped back, almost with relief, to plain Parson, when his health gave out. He is amazingly strong, and healthy, and vigorous again, and no longer dreads the English climate, but I hope it may be possible for him to keep on his pleasant house in Surrey. At the moment of writing he is en route for Palestine. He is about as unlike Dean Inge as can be. He is neither profound nor cynical, nor critical nor Tory, and he has no great weight of scholarship. But like the Dean he hates shams and class-barriers, and has no objection to dropping bombs in the slumbering camps of privilege, convention, and tradition, whether clerical or lay. His strong suit is simplicity, honesty, conviction, humour, humanity (almost to sentimentality) and keenness, and it takes all the tricks in his sermons, his books (of all kinds), and his conversation. He took London by storm and has held his capture without difficulty. He succeeds his own curate.

WINSTON'S LATEST.—

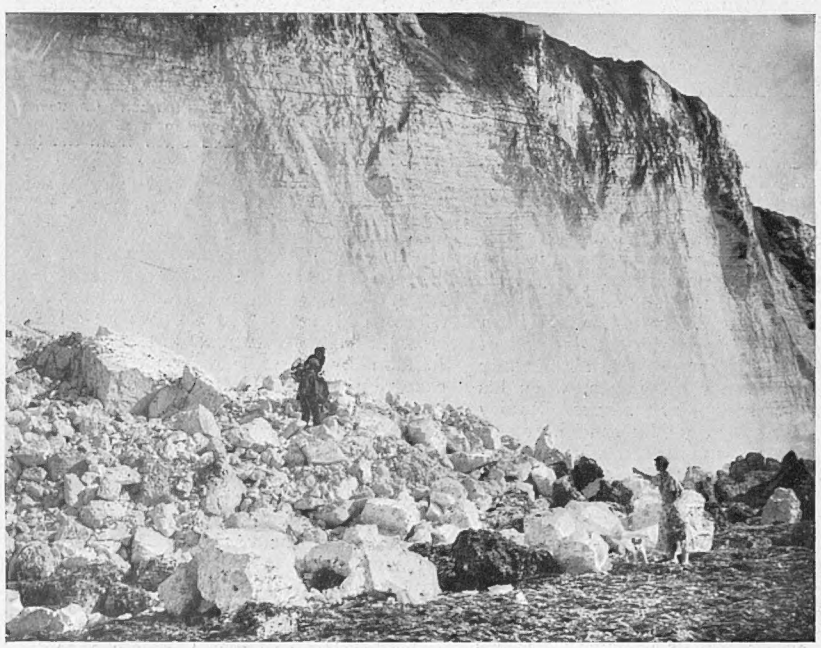
Mr. Churchill long since equalled and surpassed R. B. Sheridan's record of versatility. As statesman, as orator and literary man he is to be matched with his great rival. And he has gone many lengths beyond Sheridan. Sheridan never turned his hand to painting nor to bricklaying, and never had a chance to try scenario writing for the films—which is Mr. Churchill's latest. It is hard on Sheridan, for he would have done this business well. Working at high pressure, Mr. Churchill is writing the scenario of a film "featuring" twenty-five years of King George's reign and putting into it all his experience as a historian, and all his inside knowledge as a statesman. What a chance for a historian with a sense of drama and a passionate patriotism. Is there in all history a quarter-century to compare with this period in events of historical importance and in the violence of social and political changes? Quite certainly not. Mr. Churchill will have his eye on *Cavalcade*. His pie will be rich with such plums as the revolutions wrought by the internal combustion engine, by flying, by wireless, by films, by the emancipation of women, by the post-War youth movements, by the Great War and all its reactions. He will depict a changed world, a changed Europe, a changed (if not threatened) Empire; and I shall be surprised if he doesn't show us how our genius for leading our own and other races has suffered through the moral cowardice which democratic government breeds. How intriguing to examine the cast chosen to depict the characters in this great drama of change!

THE OLD STAGER

METROPOLITAN AND PROVINCIAL

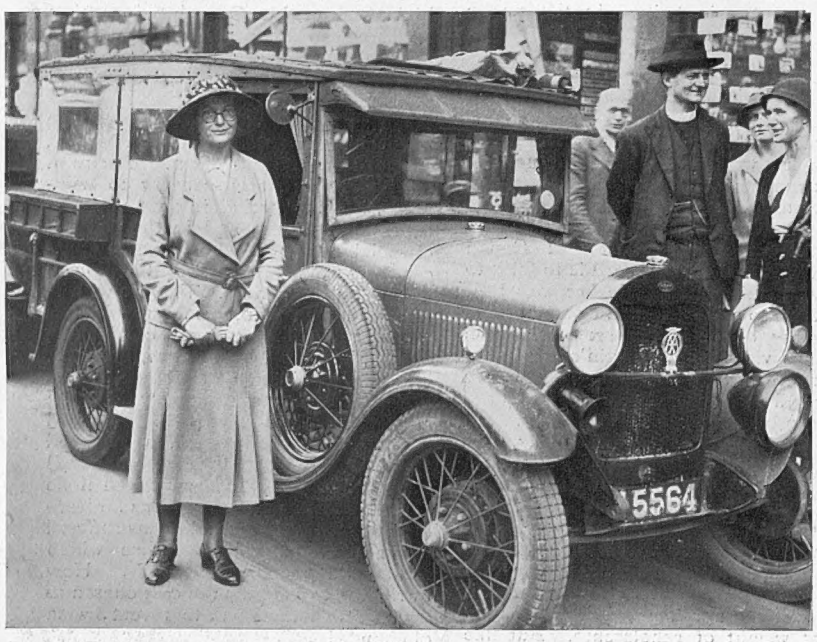
A CIVIC CALL: The ceremonies that were arranged to take place throughout the country during Telephone Week began on Monday when Sir Kynaston Studd, one of London's acting Lord Mayors, paid a visit to the Post Office cable ship, *Monarch*, anchored near Tower Bridge. Sir Kingsley Wood, Postmaster-General, can be seen in the background

FOR A RAILWAY'S SHIPS: Guests who attended the opening by Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt of the Parkeston Quay Extension afterwards cruised round the harbour in the S.S. *Vienna*. The quay has been constructed by the L.N.E.R. at a cost of nearly £500,000 and provides greatly increased accommodation for the company's vessels

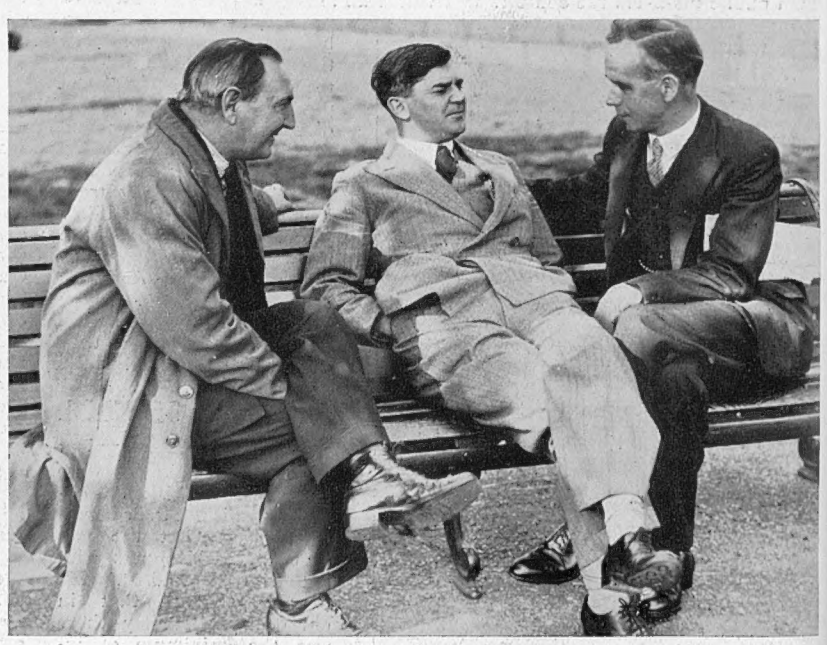


A LITTLE BIT OFF THE TOP: During the week-end thousands of tons of cliff fell on to the beach below Seaford Head, a favourite haunt of holiday-makers near Eastbourne. Fortunately no one was injured

THE WEALTH OF THE EARTH: The old windmill church on Reigate Heath where children came last Sunday with fruit, vegetables, and flowers for the Harvest Thanksgiving service. The vicar is seen receiving the offerings



A MODERN DAMIEN: Miss R. M. E. Langley who is shortly leaving London to continue her work on Ruanda, a lake-island of the Belgian Congo, where she has charge of 500 lepers. She has been home for a year following attacks of dysentery and malaria, and is seen here with the motor ambulance which she will take with her on her return

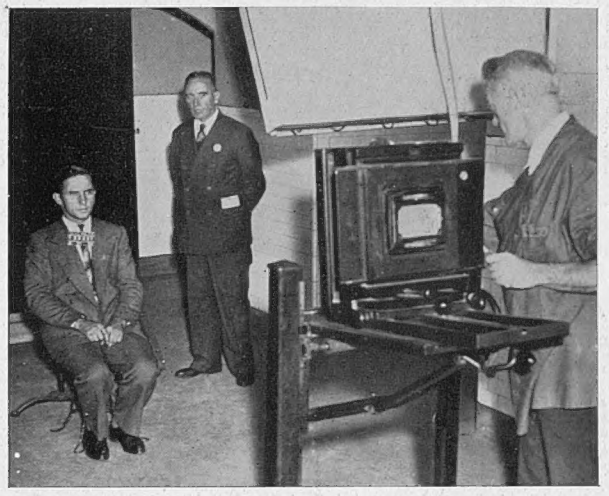


TRIANGULAR CONFERENCE: Mr. J. Griffiths, President of the South Wales Miners Federation, Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Labour M.P. for Ebbw Vale, and Mr. Arthur Jenkins, Vice-President of the Federation, discussing the Welsh coal dispute during an interval between meetings at the Mines Department in London. Employers and employees have now made a provisional agreement

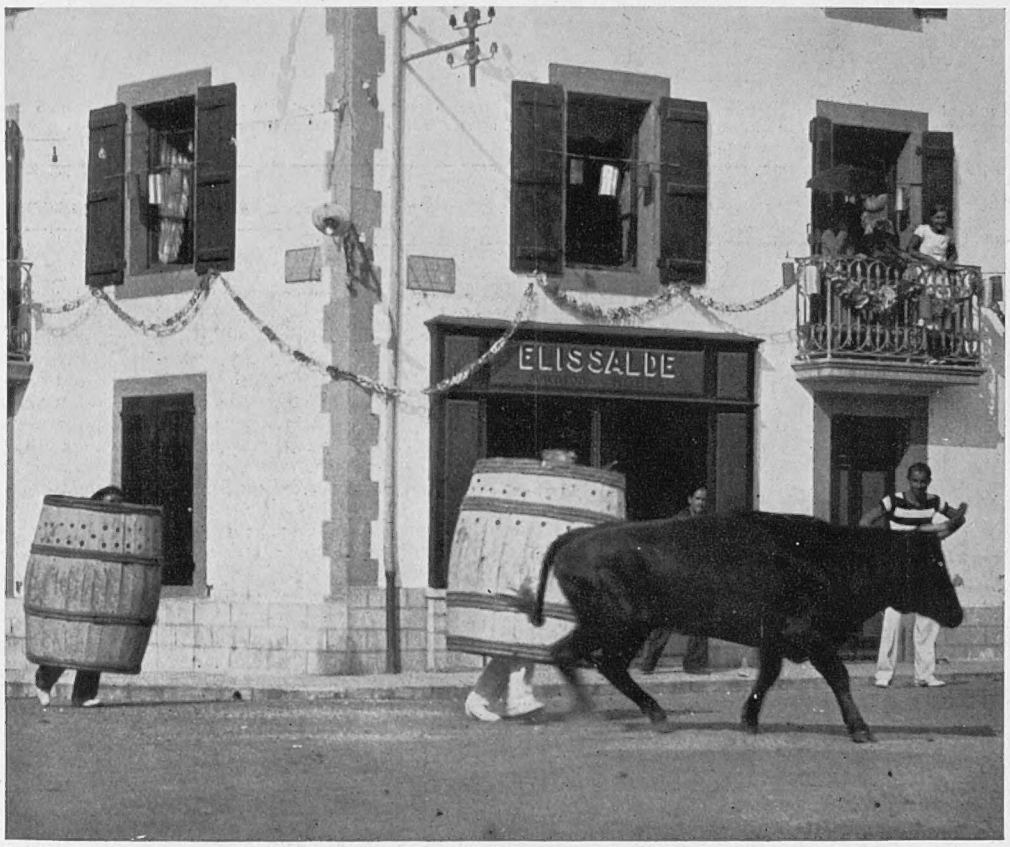
THE LINDBERGH CASE
RE-OPENED
And Other Items from Overseas

THE CRIME THAT SHOCKED THE WORLD: New York police searching the garage of Bruno Hauptmann where they recently found 13,750 of the 50,000 dollars paid out in 1932 as ransom for the kidnapped baby of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh. Hauptmann was arrested for extortion, but it seems probable that sufficient evidence will be forthcoming to convict him of murder

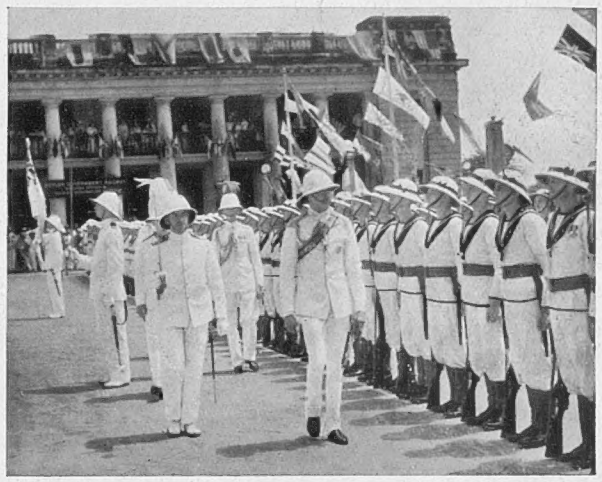
ILL-GOTTEN GAINS: Police officers with some of the ransom money which Hauptmann had in his possession at the time of his arrest. The notes have been definitely identified



NOW A NUMBER: Taking a photograph of Hauptmann at police headquarters. He continues to maintain his innocence



SAFETY FIRST: Every year at Hendaye, a little town near the Spanish frontier of France, a bullfight is held in the streets. The picadors, encased in barrels, risk neither life nor limb as they drive the animal towards the matadors



OUR ROYAL AMBASSADOR: The Duke of Gloucester inspecting a guard of honour on arrival at Colombo, Ceylon, where he stayed for four days before continuing his journey to Australia

THEIR LAST RESTING PLACE: A few days ago the bodies of the two late Austrian Chancellors, Dr. Seipel and Dr. Dollfuss, were exhumed and lay in state (*left*) in the Cathedral of Saint Stefan, Vienna. They were afterwards removed and re-interred at the newly-erected memorial church (*right*) which has been built in the austere style of a monastery of the early Middle Ages. President Miklas, members of the Cabinet, representatives of the Army, and delegates from religious associations, attended the ceremonies

A NOTABLE INNOVATION: Children at a London County Council school queuing up for their morning ration of milk. Under the Milk Marketing Board's new scheme they are now supplied with one-third of a pint for a halfpenny instead of a penny. Over 5,000,000 boys and girls in England will benefit from this reduction in price

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME: These youths have been chosen as members of the crew of the *Joseph Conrad*, a four-masted British-owned barque which will start this month on a world voyage. The vessel is at present being refitted in the River Orwell at Ipswich

BELISHA BEACONS: Employees at a glass factory near Wakefield, Yorkshire, with some of the 20,000 amber globes which their firm is now engaged in making. They are to be used to mark police controlled and uncontrolled pedestrian crossings and will be set up on black and white iron posts 7 ft. high

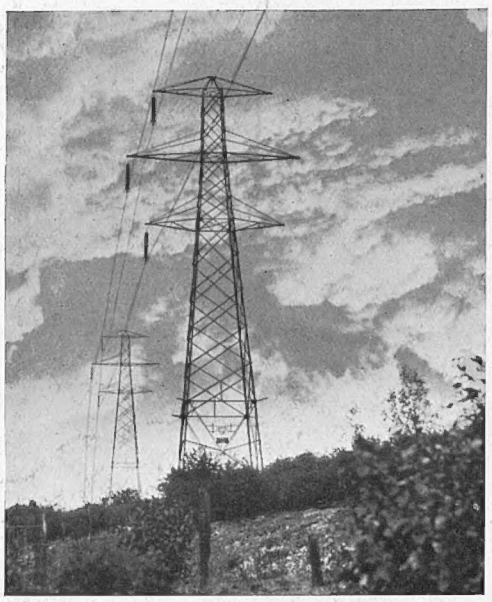
VIENNA SINGING BOYS, who are engaged on an international tour, arrived in London last week and are seen here with members of the Lord Mayor's choir (in Tudor costumes) who are acting as hosts during their stay

Home News of the Week

A NEW HIGHLAND HIGHWAY: The scene at Dochfour as Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, Minister of Transport, opened the final section of the Glasgow–Inverness road by cutting a tartan ribbon with a skean-dhu. The cost of construction was more than £1,000,000

A YOUNG MAN MAKES FLYING HISTORY: Twenty-one-year-old James Melrose who, unheralded, arrived at Croydon last week after making a flight of 8 days 9 hours from Australia thus unofficially beating the record set up by Mr. J. A. Mollison by over thirteen hours. He is seen here with his uncle, Mr. Noel Pemberton Billing

DISASTER ON THE LINE: A crane clearing the track at Winwick, Lancs, after an express from Euston to Preston had crashed into the rear of a local Warrington train. Two coaches were telescoped and most of them were derailed; ten people were killed and twenty were injured. This is the second serious railroad accident that has occurred in this country during the past two months



Above and on left—THE MENACE OF THE KENTISH GRID TO FLYING MEN: These pictures, taken between Shoreham and Eynsford, illustrate the dangerous obstacles which pilots have to face while passing through the Sevenoaks area when clouds are low and visibility is bad. It is not to be wondered at that five serious accidents have taken place in the vicinity since 1923, involving the loss of over twenty lives

AIR CRASHES AND WHY?

Some Significant Questions Answered

The loss of seven lives when a Paris-bound air-liner from Abridge Aerodrome, Essex, plunged into the Channel off Folkestone this week, and the previous crash of Cockerhurst Hill, near Shoreham, and the smashing of the fourteen-seater Youth of New Zealand *'plane near Aylesbury, both with loss of life, have drawn the attention of the public to the very vital matter of safety in the air. Are these disasters the result of faulty construction or of human error on the part of the pilots? Do pilots fly according to regulation in rough weather? Do these weather conditions jeopardize the safety of passengers if a flight is persisted in? These and other significant questions are dealt with as far as possible in the following short article by one of* THE SPHERE'S *aeronautical correspondents.*

THE misfortunes which beset the human being always provide interest for the less unfortunate, and it is this underlying principle which induces the copy-writers for the so-called popular newspapers to make capital out of accidents. Flying is still regarded by a great many people as a highly dangerous means of transport, and consequently any form of air accident is given prominence in the daily newspapers, even though it may have no unpleasant consequences.

A heading to a paragraph reading "Airplane Crashes Upside Down" may very unfairly describe the fate of an unfortunate aeroplane which had not even left the ground, but had merely tripped over a rabbit-hole while taxying, and had described a gentle somersault without harm to anyone. Such expressions as "Explosion in Mid-air," "Nose-dive into a Field," "The aeroplane was seen to be in difficulties," etc., are invariably the result of the distorted imagination and limited vocabulary of the inevitable witness who was working on his allotment, or standing in her garden, at the time of an accident.

NEVERTHELESS, accidents do happen to the best of aeroplanes because neither the mechanical nor the human machine is infallible. The idealist pleads for the foolproof aeroplane, but the only way to achieve this is to eradicate the human fool, a problem which comes more within the province of the science of sterilization than that of aeronautics.

By far the biggest proportion of air accidents may be credited to what is known as the "human error," whether it be purely an error of pilotage or the error of not taking all the necessary precautions that are essential in all forms of transport, but more so in the air.

Ignoring the errors of pilotage which invariably belong to the inexperienced or foolhardy pilot who is never likely to find employment in serious commercial aviation, we come to the error of not taking necessary precautions. Starting off on cross-country flights in bad weather without taking steps to ascertain what the conditions are *en route* or at the destination; fumbling about in fog, mist, or low cloud trying to get under or through the obstruction without knowing what the country is like below, particularly when not equipped with wireless or blind-flying equipment; or just flying low through thick weather even when provided with all the necessary equipment, are fundamental errors.

An examination of many of the recent accidents in civil aviation both in this country and the United States shows that the majority have occurred in fog, rain, or low cloud. The most serious accident Imperial Airways has suffered recently was caused by a machine flying into a wireless mast in Belgium. If the pilot had been flying at his proper height and using his wireless and instruments he would not have met with disaster.

The crash in the Channel last Tuesday followed close on the heels of two other serious accidents involving the loss of eight lives. Both took place in thick mist or low cloud, and in both cases there were no survivors to give any possible clue to what happened.

In one accident a reliable witness reports the weather was thick and that he saw the machine in question flying on its back, after which bits fell off and the machine crashed. This would seem to imply that the pilot, flying through thick weather, lost all sight of the ground and, as an aeroplane cannot be flown solely by feel, he inadvertently got on to his back while trying to get his normal flying instruments to synchronize into a registration of steady horizontal flight. The bits falling off would be explained by the fact that the type of aeroplane was a large multi-engined air liner which was not intended to do aerobatics of the more violent kind.

THE SECOND accident also occurred in bad visibility and the pilot, lost in the clouds, came down low in an effort to locate his position or make a forced landing because of the weather and found, too late, that he was nearer the ground than he thought. He had no alternative but to fly into some trees which barred his way.

Both accidents may therefore be attributed to the human error, the error being that neither aeroplane should have been flown blind in mist or cloud. Either the pilots should have turned back or climbed high enough to get above the clouds or mist if it was essential to continue the journey. In both cases the aeroplanes were not fitted with wireless and it is questionable whether they were provided with special blind-flying instruments.

There are many people who do not realize with what grandmotherly care the Air Ministry watches over those who fly. There are also many who argue that there is too much official control over flying, but the fact remains that, thanks to it, British air lines have remarkably few serious accidents. Special regulations have been framed to govern flying in fog and cloud and certain areas in Great Britain are forbidden to certain classes of pilots in unsuitable weather to eliminate as far as possible any risk of collision.

The wireless beacon, which guides a machine along a set course towards its terminal aerodome, and the direction-finding wireless, by which an aeroplane can determine its approximate position in relation to certain fixed points, are two very important steps in the solution of flying through fog and cloud, but at present these facilities are available only for use by large machines capable of carrying the necessary apparatus.

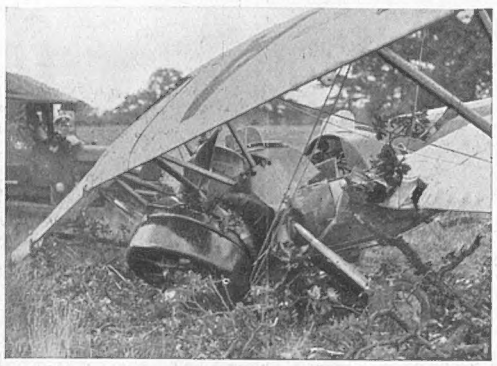
With the growth of internal air services within the British Isles the use of such facilities must be extended. The compulsory fitting of wireless and blind-flying equipment to all machines carrying paying passengers should be enforced, and regulations governing the heights at which properly equipped aircraft must fly in bad weather should be drawn up and applied by the operating companies themselves.

There are limits beyond which official regulations should not go. The safety of flying should be the responsibility of the operators, and when the Air Ministry has provided all the necessary ground equipment, the companies themselves must take the necessary steps to ensure that the very fullest advantage is taken of the facilities provided.

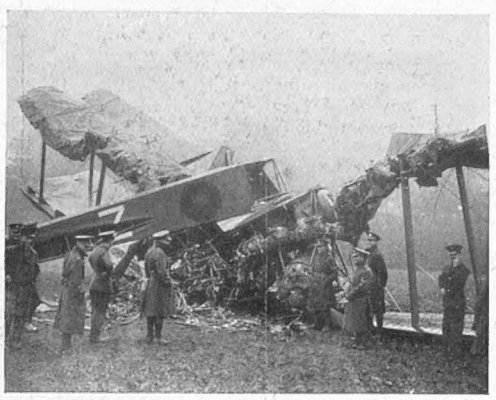
Leonard Bridgman

SEPTEMBER 29, 1934: A Heston-Le Bourget 'plane after it had crashed at Cockerhurst Hill, near Shoreham, Kent—the pilot and three passengers being killed

SEPTEMBER 22, 1934: All that remained of the 'plane *Youth of New Zealand*, which refuelled Sir Alan Cobham's machine from the air during his recent attempt to fly non-stop to India and shortly afterwards was wrecked near Aylesbury. All four occupants were burned to death



SEPTEMBER 18, 1934: The pilot and observer of this Avro had lucky escapes when it came to grief at Hatfield, Hertfordshire



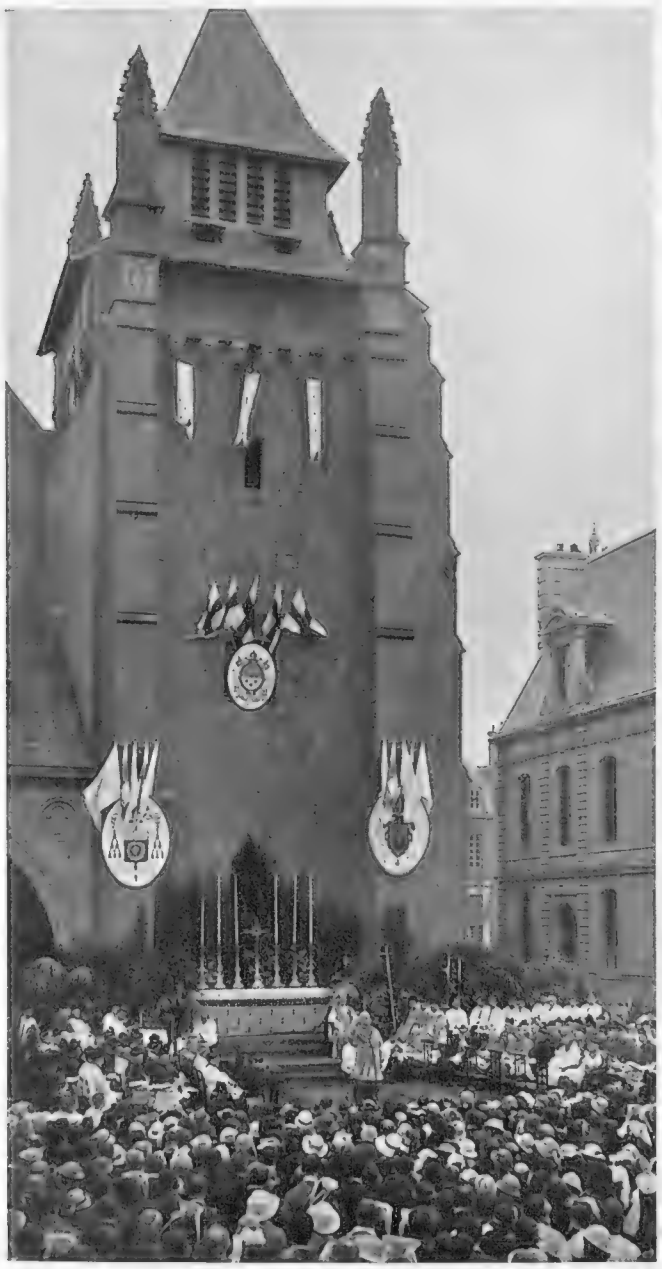
SEPTEMBER 13, 1934: The wreckage of an R.A.F. bomber which fell into a ploughed field near Guildford. The crew descended to safety by parachute

EUROPE GRAVE and GAY

"BY HERESIES DISTRESSED": The scene in the be-swastika'd Sportpalast as Reich Bishop Muller, Primate of the German Evangelical Church, delivered the opening address at the Congress of German Christians. Some members of this movement, which has many opponents, have even gone so far as to suggest the elimination of the Crucifix and of the Old Testament. All are violently anti-semitic

"WITH LUTHER AND HITLER FOR FAITH AND NATIONALISM": This extraordinary banner was displayed in the Sportpalast in Berlin during the recent Congress of German Christians

THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF GERMAN LIFE: Uniformed Nazi and picturesquely clad Bavarian peasant clink beer tankards during Munich's annual "October Festival" which opened on September 22



A BRETON COMMEMORATION: Part of the crowd which attended the open-air service at St. Brieuc in memory of St. Guillaume, founder of the cathedral, who died exactly 700 years ago. The cathedral was damaged during two sieges of the town in the fourteenth century and very little of the original structure remains

BOUNTY OF THE VINEYARDS: Children dancing round baskets of grapes after helping their elders to gather the harvest in the Champagne country. Messrs. Moët and Chandon inform us that the 1934 yield is excellent and that the wine itself promises to be even better than it was last year

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Men of Harlech

—*And a Third of them are Called Jones*

PENTRE REFAIL: A street in old Harlech

GUARDIAN OF THE WELSH COAST: Harlech Castle, the massive stronghold which held out for the Lancastrians in the Wars of the Roses, and later for Charles I

IN this somewhat parasitical age it is pleasant to find that there is still a village in Great Britain which is known for its men. You have the Isle of Ely, the Hills of Donegal, the Lakes of Killarney, and the Ladies of Llangollen. But this Welsh village will always be known because of the Men of Harlech.

This tradition dates back to 1468, when Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, laid siege to the castle. The celebrated retort of the Welsh Chieftain when asked to surrender is often quoted: "I held a castle in France until all the old women in Wales heard of it. And now I will hold this Welsh Tower till all the old women of France hear of it." It is true that the castle, or rather the men of Harlech, ultimately struck the flag, but not until 5,000 of the enemy had been killed. And even then they were allowed the Honours of War.

To-day, from the latest statistics, there are 201 men of Harlech. Of these, seventy-eight poor fellows are out of work. They are mostly labourers who, having completed the building of the Barmouth sea defences which the Prince of Wales inspected early this year, are now waiting for the construction of the Harlech waterworks. Of those in employment about fourteen work in the slate mines of Blaenau Festiniog which I described at length in THE SPHERE last year. About fifty are cow hands. A dozen are shepherds. Twelve more are shopkeepers. A similar number are caddies on the local links. Nine are farmers. Then there are the local town carrier, blacksmith, railway porters, taxi driver, and castle keeper. The oldest man of Harlech is John Griffith, who is nearing the nineties. That there are young men of Harlech coming along is proved by the fact that there are 172 local children of school age, despite the fact that the total population is about 1,100.

If you look down the electoral roll you will see that there are eighteen voters called Davies, twelve called Edwards, eight called Ellis, nineteen called Evans, twenty-three called Griffiths or Griffith, nineteen called Hughes, a similar number called Humphreys, a hundred and twenty are called Jones, twenty-five called Lloyd, twenty called Lewis, thirty-eight called Owen, eighteen called Parry, thirty-nine called Roberts, thirty-six called Thomas, and one hundred and nine called Williams.

THESE family surnames are equivalent to over 90 per cent. of the total population. No wonder, then, that in order to designate a particular Owen or Williams one has to add some qualifying description—such as Mrs. Owen Butcher, or Mrs. Doctor Williams. In the latter instance, alone, is the rule of inserting the *métier* after the surname altered, You would always say, "Mr. Griffiths Fishmonger," or "Mr. Griffiths Post" (the postmaster), or "Mr. Humphreys Station," or "Mr. Roberts Police." The last-named, by the by, assured me that as far as Harlech is concerned no man of Harlech has contravened the law since 1910. If that is not a record, what is? To prove it he showed me the charge-sheets going back to before the War. With the exception of a few happy-go-lucky arrears-in-bastardy summonses for maintenance there is not a stain on Harlech's escutcheon. The drunks and disorderlies, incorrigible rogues, and petty pilferers were all strangers to the village even though apprehended in the neighbourhood by the admirable Mr. Roberts Police or his predecessor, now a sergeant at Dolgelley.

In the past thirty years the men of Harlech, like the men of Montenegro, have emigrated to less barren and unproductive climes in considerable numbers. Four of them are golf professionals. These are Hughie Roberts at Stoke Poges, Johnny Williams at the County Club, Newhaven (U.S.), Kernar Balch at the County Club, New Brunswick, and William Griffiths at Rogerston, Swansea. More than a dozen men of Harlech are farmers in America and Canada. Others are in Australia and New Zealand. Richard Evans is the only man of Harlech in the Army to-day. (He is a Guardsman in the Welsh Guards.) But twenty were killed out of the hundred or two who served in the War, mostly with the 7th Battalion of the Royal Welch Fusiliers in Gallipoli and the East. One of the most brilliant Harlech boys was Dr. John Thomas who won scholarships all along the line up to Cambridge and who then, when already a director of Imperial Chemicals, died at the age of forty-four. The little station at Harlech has been the first step for three brilliant employees of the Great Western. Another man of Harlech has become the Registrar of the Joint Courts of Wrexham, Oswestry, and Llanfyllan.

Two others, Frank Ellis and Owen Humphreys, are captains of big steamers, although Harlech has not been a fishing village for two hundred years.

Some of this may appear to be a trifle parochial to you. But in the men of Harlech you find the microcosm of a thousand similar hamlets, none of which, however, has the same tradition for courage and endurance. Why they are so law-abiding I do not know. Unless it is that their religious needs are supplied not only by an Anglo-Welsh church but also by two Baptist chapels, one Wesleyan chapel, one Calvinistic-Methodist chapel, and one Congregational chapel.

THEY all talk Welsh to each other. It is a living language, needing no encouragement. On the contrary, if you lose your way up in the hills, the farmer may often send for his children, who attend English school, to find out what you want.

It would not be fair in this article to describe as men of Harlech anyone who has not Welsh blood in him; even though he has spent much of his life and owns a cottage or a house here. In consequence I must rule out my brother Robert who wrote "Good-bye to all that," and Josef Holbrooke; not to mention Bernard Shaw, William Nicholson, Max Beerbohm, Richard Hughes, and various celebrities who have made more or less protracted stays here. Alas, too, Evan Flatfish is dead—Evan who had such prehensile feet that he used to catch plaice and dabs between his toes when the tide was low, and old Foster Edwards who would be well over ninety if he had not died last year, the most philosophizing greengrocer in Europe. But we still have many characters like Bob Jones, the most lynx-eyed caddy, and John Owen, the son of Mrs. Owen, Llechwedd, who does the best curtsey in North Wales.

Alas for the men of Harlech, there is no local industry. Alas for them twice, there is no cinema nearer than Barmouth or Portmadoc, which are ten miles away. Alas for them three times, there is no local football team, though four of them have signed forms for Dolgelley in the Mid-Wales League and helped to beat Machynlleth on their own ground by 5 to 2 last week, for the first time for five years. At least, however, they have a billiards table in the Public Library, and there is an artisans' club of over fifty members who can play on the links of the Royal St. Davids. Every fortnight, too, there is the cattle market, and every year there is the musical festival in the castle and the sheep-dog trials on the Morfa.

Once a year a strange little circus visits the village. But the Harlech races are no more. They are still marked on the ordnance map and the grand stand, unused for over a hundred years, can be seen between Jones Morris's house and the beach. The foreshore, by the by, is owned by Lord Harlech who, apart from this and one or two distant farms, has no territorial connection with the place from which he takes his name.

ONCE Harlech was the capital of the county. To-day its last surviving privilege is that the local Member of Parliament has to be nominated in the church rooms which used to be the Town Hall. Probably the most popular man of Harlech is Bob Griffiths who has been postmaster for twenty years, a position held by his uncle for forty-three years before him. Anyway, he is the recorder of the local Rose Croix Chapter of Freemasons and headed the poll for the parish council when he at last put up for it.

On the whole the men of Harlech are much taller than the average Welshmen. They are, too, more cheerful (despite depression), good natured, but proud. Thirty-four of them have wives or widows who take in visitors during the spring and summer season. In addition there is one big hotel, one medium-sized hotel, and two smaller ones. Oddly enough the men of Harlech have not a single genuine public house in the neighbourhood, though three of the four hotels have public bars. As I have said, Harlech has no industry, but it has a great attraction in the Royal St. Davids golf links, of which the Prince of Wales is captain this year, and another in the long wide beach which is ideal for children. Yet it is only in the past four or five years that the men of Harlech themselves have discovered the shore and started to bathe. We used to have an under-nurse, one Maria Roberts, who had never been down to the sea although it was only a mile and a half from the farm on which she was brought up, and she was already nineteen years old.

THE SCYTHESMAN: John Griffith, one of the little town's oldest workmen

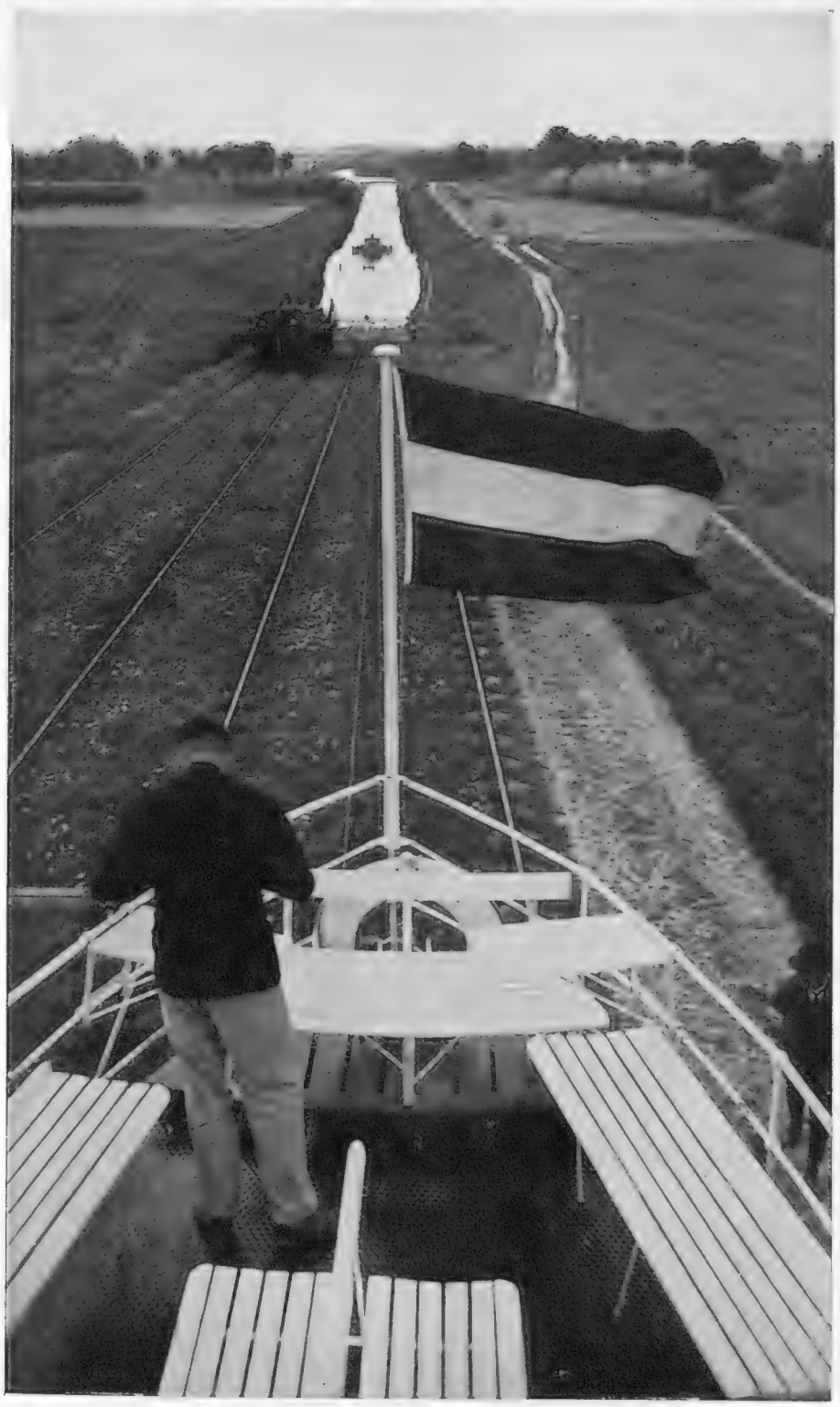
So much for the men of Harlech. Maybe they have not marched to glory quite as much as the song-writer hoped. But at least one of them was the father of the first woman golf professional—Catherine Roberts. They have been brought up on rocky acres with more heather, gorse, and granite as their heritage than most communities. Moreover, a Labour college has been endowed in their very midst. But they are good fellows, good singers, good workers, and good Welshmen — all 201 of them.

Charles Graves

HILL-CLIMBING BOATS

THE AMPHIBIAN: One of the passenger boats which plies between the East Prussian towns of Elbing and Deutsch-Eylau. Part of the "voyage" is made on the canal and part on a light railway which carries the little vessels over the hilly country. If this method were not employed at least twenty locks would have to be constructed and the time taken over the journey would be nearly doubled

FROM THE SKIPPER'S CABIN: A picture taken as the boat speeds along the canal. The surrounding country is somewhat dull from a scenic point of view, but hundreds of people make the trip because of its novelty



UP HILL AND DOWN DALE: While one boat slowly climbs the slope, another glides gently towards the water. In the 40-mile journey there are four stretches of railway

APPROACHING THE FIRST SLOPE: It will be noted that the vessel is floated on to a specially-designed truck for its land "voyage." The change-over only takes a few minutes

THE TIGER CUBS OF WHIPSNADE

TO JUMP OR NOT TO JUMP: One of the three twelve-weeks'-old offspring of Ranee, the Whipsnade tigress, debates whether or not he will leap on to the raft in the pond

"SOMETHING ATTEMPTED . . .": The bravest of the three cubs; the only one that has so far reached to the raft

A FAMILY PARTY: Ranee good-naturedly plays with two of her children. They give her very little peace

GETTING THE SACK: A friendly battle for possession of a desirable plaything

RANEE

And Her Offspring

Tigers do not, as a rule, breed prolifically when in captivity, but the open-air zoo at Whipsnade has been very fortunate in this direction. Ranee, the tigress, gave birth to three cubs in June, 1933, and in July of this year produced three more. This success is probably due to the design of the pit as, apart from the large enclosure, the animals have underground retiring chambers.

It is sometimes stated that felines dislike water and will only swim when pressed by enemies. This is not true of the tiger, however, for in its native haunts it frequently spends its time, when the weather is unusually hot, immersed up to the neck in a river.

The new arrivals at Whipsnade, which are now twelve weeks old, are very sturdy, and it is hoped they will become as fine specimens as their year-old half brothers and sisters. They climb about the rocks and tree trunks in their special enclosure, but so far they have not entered the pond, although they have frequently been seen standing on the brink, and one has actually jumped on to the raft. There is one curious fact about the two litters. The older cubs are very tame and will play with the keepers while the latest arrivals permit no liberties

HATS OFF TO THE NEW HEAD

The First Day of Term at Harrow

Mr. Paul Vellacott, D.S.O., who has succeeded Dr. Cyril Norwood as headmaster of Harrow, receives the customary salute from two of the boys as they pass him outside the Vaughan Library. Mr. Vellacott who, like his predecessor, is a layman, was educated at Marlborough and Peterhouse, was a member of the Cambridge Hockey XI, and served throughout the War—leaving the Army with the rank of Brigade-Major. He was born in 1891 and is one of the youngest heads the school has ever had. Dr. Norwood, who was Master of Marlborough before he came to "The Hill," is now President of St. John's College, Oxford. On the left of this picture can be seen the beautiful War Memorial building; in the centre is "Speecher," the assembly room; and on the right is the chapel, which contains memorial tablets to great Harrovians of the past

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AMID THE ICE-FLOES OF UNGAVA BAY: The supply ship, *Nascopie*, in which Mr. Patrick Ashley Cooper, the Governor, made his tour of thirteen of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading posts in Northern Canada. During the voyage the vessel was fog-bound for six days a few hundred yards from a dangerous stretch of coast in the Arctic

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THE START OF A KAYAK RACE

How the Eskimos entertained Mr. Ashley Cooper at Port Burwell, Northern Labrador

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ON THE PLACID WATERS OF WAKEHAM BAY: The Governor tries his skill in an Eskimo kayak during his tour. He is the first of the Company's thirty heads to have undertaken such a journey, is forty-seven, a Scotsman, a Director of the Bank of England, and was educated at Fettes and Cambridge

ON BAFFIN ISLAND: Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Cooper with members of their party. Note the mosquito nets

KING: An address being Eskimos at Port Burwell. the simplest possible lan- in the native dialect. The as follows: "The Queen Innuit subjects who dwell Canada and on the shores from our home in the great In every part of the Empire, sleeps from our encampment, subjects deeply affects the the Queen and myself. You have often heard that no more thoughtful of their In the same way as parents children, the Queen and I our faithful and hardy Innuit."

The *Nascopie* reaches Father Point in the St. Lawrence after completing its long voyage

THE PILOT COMES ALONGSIDE

TRIUMPH and TRAGEDY

The Fate of the U.S. Stratosphere Balloon After It Had Reached a Height of Over Eleven Miles Above the Earth

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE: The National Geographic Society's balloon *Explorer* rising above the Black Hills, South Dakota, at the start of its ascent into the stratosphere this summer

FACED WITH DEATH: This remarkable picture, taken when the balloon had dropped from 60,000 ft. to 7,000 ft., shows the fabric gradually disintegrating. It finally hurtled to earth, leaving the three occupants of the gondola just sufficient time to take to their parachutes. Experts are still trying to find out the real cause of the breakdown

THE ALL-METAL GONDOLA: The long arms at the base were equipped with blades for rotating the balloon when in the stratosphere

JUMPING FOR LIFE: *Above*—A dramatic view of the wreckage falling to earth, and (in circles) of two of the aeronauts descending by parachute. *Right*—Dust rising as the gondola crashed

Although the disaster depicted on this page occurred in the summer, these pictures are the first to be sent to this country which show exactly what happened during the descent. They were taken from a U.S. Army 'plane which went up to welcome the balloonists as they were nearing the ground and are reproduced here by courtesy of the National Geographic Society.

BRIDGES of TO-DAY and To-morrow

On left—A NOTABLE ENGINEERING PROJECT: A composite picture showing the bridge which will span San Francisco Bay thus linking the famous Californian city with Oakland and, to a certain extent, taking the place of the ferry service. The need for this bridge is imperative as the conditions there are very similar to those which prevailed in Sydney a few years ago

ACTIVITY IN THE BAY: During the recent strike it was impossible to make any progress with the construction of the San Francisco bridge, but the city is now back to normal and the work has been resumed. On the left of this view can be seen one of the slender piers, which rests 218 ft. below the surface of the water

A MODERN DEVELOPMENT IN AN ANCIENT TOWN: An aerial view of the first steel bridge to span the River Tigris which has been erected at Mosul, Northern Iraq, to take the place of the old pontoon structure seen farther up-stream

THE BREAKING-POINT: The framework of a footbridge being constructed over Haydn Road, Nottingham, collapsed a few days ago with a tremendous crash that could be heard throughout the district. Fortunately there was only one man at work at the time and he escaped with head injuries. An approaching motor cyclist just managed to pull up

THE P.M.G.'s PRESENT

Evening Long-Distance Calls for a Shilling to any Part of the Country

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the launching of *Queen Mary*, the latest development in the world of passenger transport, comes the Postmaster-General's announcement of a new era in long-distance telephony, which may fairly be described as the realm of the transport of intelligence.

From this month of October, when the new reductions in telephone charges come into force, it will be more worth while than ever before to be "on the 'phone"—the accepted phrase—now that we can all make trunk-calls to any point of the country after seven o'clock for the proverbial nimble shilling—and still receive them for nothing!

THE proposal has often been ventilated of "zoning" the charges for inland telegraph service, that poor Cinderella of Post Office services which has never entirely recovered from the misjudged enthusiasm of a Victorian Parliament which decided, by some strange process of contemporary parliamentary logic, that signal honour would be shown to a great Queen by forcing an unwilling Post Office to institute 6d. telegrams. But the proposal, logical on all analogies, to make telegraph charges depend on given units of distance from the point of dispatch has not materialized, and instead we now have the far more "revolutionary" and certainly much more popular innovation in the shape of the "de-zoning" of trunk telephone calls after business hours, a twentieth-century application of the Rowland Hill principle to a twentieth-century branch of communications.

THUS, strikingly, with a present of £500,000 to the telephone-using public, does the Post Office give prompt evidence of its gratitude to the Bridgeman Committee for partial deliverance from the handicap of obligatory transfer to the National Exchequer of all surpluses earned by the Post Office, the greatest department store in the country.

The gift and the new facility will doubtless be received with grateful appreciation, and our cross-country telephone circuits—from Penzance to Penrith, Warkworth to Winchelsea, Bognor Regis to Bettws-y-Coed, Ashby de la Zouch to Weston-super-Mare, and all the other permutations and combinations—will be humming with postprandial telephone conversations, all at a bob a time. One visualizes a new winter game in the form of a "Deep calling to Deep" competition between neighbours for the greatest number of telephone miles covered for 10s. between 9 and 10 at night.

WE have been given an encouragement to sweep away the theory that the English are a strong, silent race; let us retain the "strong" and banish the "silent"; silence is golden, but we are off the gold standard and speech is more than ever silver now that we can talk across England, diagonally, horizontally, or vertically, at a shilling a time.

The report that certain firms in the far north of Scotland have already decided to open their offices at 7 p.m. instead of at the usual hour in the morning is almost certainly not true; more tenable is the belief that before very long the respondent voice from our exchange to our fireside dialling of TRU will be at times dulcet and sympathetically feminine, as well as plangent and super-efficiently masculine, if shrinking maidenhood in the year of grace 1934 no longer holds to the Victorian tradition that homeward travel after 8 o'clock at night is unsafe.

THANK you, Sir Kingsley, and our warmest congratulations to you and to all concerned, not forgetting the telephone personnel at the Post Office, the Bridgeman Committee, the manufacturers of telephone plant (whose co-operation in the direction of progressive reductions in the cost of equipment must have been a valuable and essential factor), nor those of us who, as patiently faithful telephone subscribers and users through the bad years, have helped to pave the way for the benefits now available for the many thousands of new subscribers who ought to—and now probably will—respond to the Post Office's invitation, "Come on the Telephone."

P. J.

THE "QUEEN MARY'S" ADVENTURE: This, and the two pictures immediately below, show the great vessel as she was being manœuvred by tugs into the fitting-out dock following the launch, and how she came into collision with the quay

TOO CLOSE FOR SAFETY: A tug strives desperately to keep the liner under control as she threatens to foul the quay

THE MOMENT OF IMPACT: It was an unpleasant experience for the tug-master, but the damage was negligible

A BOUQUET FOR THE G.P.O.: This view, taken after the launch, was wired to London by the Post Office's ordinary picture transmission service. Its clear outlines and excellent detail bear testimony to the remarkable advance which has recently been made in this type of work

FLOATING METROPOLIS

How the New Liner Entered Her Element—A Technical Description of the Launching

ON entering the shipyard about 12 o'clock (noon) one's first impression was the silence prevailing everywhere. All the workmen had been allowed off just before then for the afternoon—with no deduction in pay for the lost time. Only those actively engaged on the deck of the ship and others at the slipways below remained.

A number of yard police and stands gate-men stood about, while Press-men were finding their way in, and photographers taking up their various positions on cranes and other posts of vantage.

Now and again the silence was broken by a lone hammer-blow or the testing of the numerous microphones placed about the yard.

THE gigantic grey hull towered up above everything disconnected from all surrounding structures except the last gangway some 70 ft. up, which was removed shortly before the launch.

The eighteen massive steel wire hawsers attached on either side from midships forward to the bow were slung in long sweeps finally attached to the big heap of chains on the ground. One could see the method provided for quickly releasing these at the critical moment. The top end of each hawser was attached to a great U-shaped shackle, the open end of which was closed by a big steel "pin" passing vertically through a massive lug or clip, bolted on to the ship's side. To the top end of the pin was attached a thin wire rope taken up to the top deck. As soon as the time came for releasing the hawser the pin was pulled out from the deck above, thereby freeing the shackle, and allowing the hawser to drop into the river to be hauled ashore again.

ABOUT half an hour before the Royal Party came, the rain, which had so far kept off under a dull grey sky, started to come down in torrents and continued so all through the launching ceremony.

Just before the Royal Party arrived the sounding of a whistle broke the tense silence of the crowded onlookers. Men below the slipways immediately knocked out the few remaining props, leaving the gigantic mass of some 40,000 tons to be held by the six great steel triggers.

What appeared—only a few seconds after Her Majesty named the ship *Queen Mary*—the first sign of the ship's movement was indicated by a crackling sound, at once increasing to the crunching of heavy timbers. The great leviathan was off. One could scarcely believe one's eyes to watch the towering mass of steel sliding down at increasing speed. The pent-up excitement of the last two hours broke out in cheers and shouts of tens of thousands around.

TIMBERS crunched up, blocks were turned over, the heaped-up piles of chains started to move. In no more than one minute she was off the slipways with a graceful plunge into the river, scattering parts of cradles and timbers on either side. The thirty-six steel hawsers tightened up, pulling their heaps of drag chains a short distance along the ground, rattling and clanging, raising clouds of red, rust-laden dust and mud in their frantic movement. The lubricants on the lower end of the ways, subjected longest to the great weight above, sizzled with heat but no burning took place. The predicted tidal wave was not to be seen. Her perfect graceful lines cleaved through the water and, checked by the brake action of the drag chains, within only about a hundred feet or so from the slipways she pulled up, floating beautifully trim.

The seven or eight powerful tugs closed in. Men aboard the *Queen Mary* threw out lines by which hawsers were pulled in and the tugs soon took control. The check hawsers were released in the manner already indicated, and in a few minutes she was heading for the adjacent fitting-out basin.

DURING this operation her bow was caught by what wind there was and looked like fouling some guy ropes of the end crane nearest the river. A tug nearby immediately closed up, and with her fender pushed the great bow sufficiently round to clear the obstruction, thereby avoiding the possible demolition of the crane.

Later on, while entering the wet dock, her bow again got too close and pushed against the timber-piling on the quay wall.

By the most clever manœuvring of the tugs in the limited space of the dock, and with the help of hawsers taken ashore, the giant ship was safely berthed within an hour of the tugs taking control.

Edwin H. Judd

For Thine Especial Safety

What the Ministry of Transport is Doing

THE BEACON OF SECURITY: These are now being placed opposite crossings and give the pedestrian absolute priority over all wheeled traffic. The Ministry of Transport stresses, however, that when asserting his or her rights the foot passenger should not throw caution to the winds

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT: It will be noted that nearly all walkers are keeping to the lanes provided for them—a very different state of affairs from that which prevailed a short while ago

HALF AND HALF: While the vehicles on one side of the road continue on their way, the pedestrians have taken advantage of a momentary lull to complete half their journey towards the opposite curb

THE HAPPY MEDIUM: In the left-hand picture the pedestrians are seen grouped on the island refuge waiting an opportune moment at which to interrupt the flow of cars. This instinctive hesitancy is not to be discouraged. On the right the traffic is, in turn, giving way

ON THE FAST-FLOWING SALWEEN: Men of the 10th Mountain Battery of the Royal Artillery loading their pack mules on to the ferry for transportation across the river The railhead at Lashio to Lufang, a fort in the Wa States near the borders of China and Burma, where they assisted the police in settling a boundary dispute with the Chinese. his ever had to operate in this out-of-the-way territory

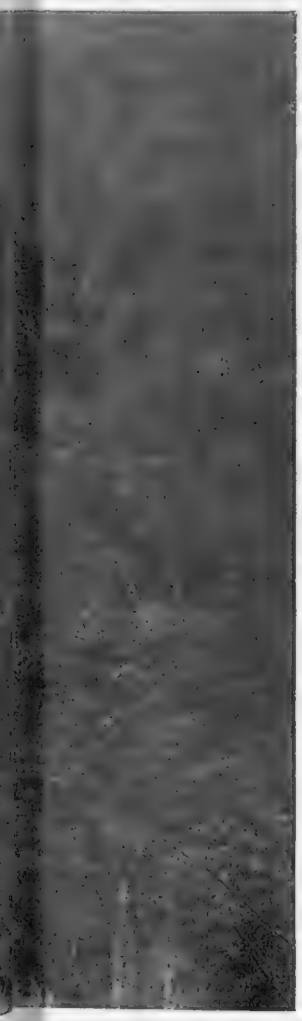
A ONE-WAY TRACK

While passing through the Nim Nim valley the column met a con of were only able to pass each other when the latter were turned om t almost sheer from the river. The average rate of progress g th and-a-half an hour

TROUBLE IN THE WA STATES

Pictures Taken During a Recent Military Expedition to the Sino-Burmese Border

...They were on their way from ... his is the first time they have



...of Chinese mules. They ...n to a slope which rose ...g the march was a mile-

PIONEERS: Repairing a bamboo bridge above a mountain torrent to enable the expedition to cross. Conditions were particularly difficult as the monsoon had just broken, and the route was rendered almost impassable by landslides, and was deep in red mud

PRIMITIVE CRAFT: Dug-out canoes in which members of the Mountain Battery negotiated the difficult currents of the Salween

The Wa States, which lie between the great rivers Salween and Mekong in Upper Burma, are inhabited by a wild race of great antiquity. Some of the people are head hunters, and a few are still supposed to be cannibals. The Was believe that the ghost of a dead man never leaves his skull and that by hanging skulls on posts outside their villages they will receive protection from the powers of darkness. Every year the natives go in search of more victims, hoping that a few additions to their collection will pacify the gods and ensure a good harvest.

IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND: Kentish oast houses where the hops are dried immediately after picking

THE HARVEST of

How Hops are Dried and Prepared for Market—Gathering Nuts, Apples, Bracken, and Rushes

NIGHT after night, heavy lorries heaped high with "pockets" of hops, thunder along Kent roads to London. Each "pocket" is represented by a machine-packed sack of mammoth size. Usually there are fifty such sacks on each lorry.

The hops are on their way to a London factor before finding their way to one or other of the many breweries in the country. The thundering lorries form the last stage of the hop-growing industry. But how many people realize what processes the hops have had to undergo before this happy stage is reached?

The actual picking of the hops, while perhaps the most expensive of the processes, is relatively the most unimportant. The critical time is "curing," or drying, time.

The curing, or preparing the hops for London, starts when they are brought from the hop garden in the poke cart. In their green state the hop cones are carefully laid upon the frames which are provided in the oast houses. Bruising must be avoided at all costs.

Methods of hop-drying vary. That most generally employed is to be found in the "roundel" oast houses, those round, cowled buildings which lend such charm to the Kent landscape.

Here the fires which dry the hops are made up of charcoal and anthracite coal, for it is essential that there should be no smoke or fumes.

Quantities of rolled brimstone are placed into heated pans. The brimstone melts and intensifies the heat. This causes the hops to "perspire," bleach, and assume the desired colour. The correct use of brimstone is an art, and an astounding quantity of hops are spoiled through too much being employed.

Brimstone also takes away the condensation, or "reek," as it is popularly called, from the hops within about 1½ hours. It is aided by fans set high in the building which draw hot air through the crop.

With a good temperature, and here every effort is made to see that this is well regulated, each lot of hops is dried in about nine or ten hours.

At intervals throughout the whole of this time the hops are carefully levelled in order that a gentle and even flow of heated air through them is maintained.

Next comes the "scuppeting" of the dried hops into another special chamber where they lie, as a general rule, for three or four hours before being packed into the "pockets" or sacks by powerful presses.

A "pocket" with a 6 lb. tare weighs 1½ cwt. after being filled.

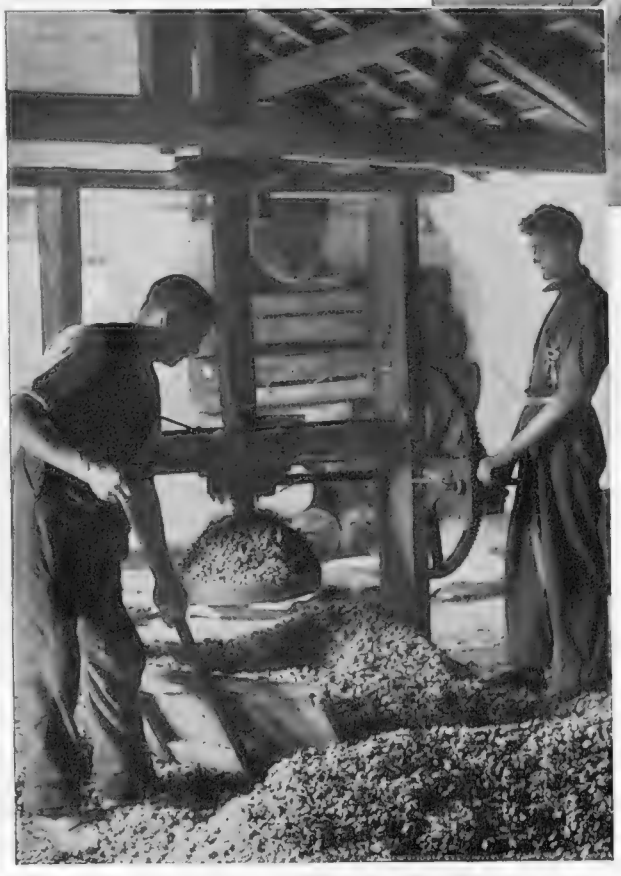
Growers usually keep their "pockets" until they have a lorry load, usually consisting of about fifty "pockets," before sending them to the warehouses at Borough, London. Here a sample is taken from each "pocket" and offered for sale on the factors' boards.

New methods are creeping into the work of hop curing, and in some cases growers are paying considerably for their experience. One method, however, which is far from being widely used, and far from being new, is strongly advocated by those few who have adopted it. This is the system of steam drying. Hops are unloaded on to a matting of horsehair which is stretched over the framework.

Under this process, all chance of arsenic being present is avoided.

Newer methods of curing include the provision of hot air by crude oil burners, while a number of growers are introducing electricity to their oast houses for the purpose of driving the fans.

READY FOR SALE: Closing up the great sacks of hops before despatch



A HEREFORDSHIRE OAST HOUSE: Shovelling the hops into a press before packing them into sacks. After they have been dried they can be handled less delicately as there is no longer any danger of bruising

But, whatever the system, big or small, growers all take great pains to see that their crop is kept as clean as possible. In many cases efforts in this direction start in the hop gardens.

Each year dozens of farmers keep records of their pickers and before engaging them for another season they know whether they can be relied upon to pick hops cleanly or whether they are rough pickers who care not if leaves as well as hops are picked.

Right from the commencement of hop-picking work goes on in the oast houses with few interruptions. Fires lit on Monday mornings are not allowed to go out until the end of the week, when some of the workers enjoy a short but well-earned respite.

Fans keep running with monotonous regularity, and steam is always up at those few houses where this system is employed.

Workmen work in shifts and sleep on "shake-down" beds, seldem leaving the scene of their activities until the last hop has been stripped off the bine.

H. B. C.

the COUNTRYSIDE

THE PROMISE OF SPRING FULFILLED: Gathering cob-nuts at Claygate Cross Orchard, Kent

"SEASON OF MISTS AND MELLOW FRUITFULNESS": The trees are literally groaning under the weight of the apples, but this superabundance has been making it extremely difficult for the grower to dispose of his crop at an economic price. Only the finest varieties are certain of their market

A SUBSTITUTE FOR STRAW: Pupils of a riding school near Beaulieu, Hampshire, gathering bracken to use as bedding for the ponies

A RUSH JOB! Dipping bundles of rushes in water before working them

IN medieval times rushes were strewn upon the floors; to-day they are used to make chair seats, baskets, mats, and a host of other objects. Throughout the centuries, in fact, there has been a great demand for these plants, and Norfolk, the county most suited to their growth, has duly benefited.

After being cut, the rushes are spread out in the open air to dry, and during the process they are turned over repeatedly in order to ensure that they shrink thoroughly. They are then stored in a cool, dry shed with a good current of air passing through.

To prepare the rushes for working they must be soaked in cold water for ten minutes and afterwards taken out and covered over with a cloth for twenty-four hours to allow the moisture to penetrate.

WAVING GENTLY IN THE BREEZE: Harvesting the rushes near Wroxham, on the Norfolk Broads

RUSTIC JOVIALITY: George Harding who works at Pepper's Gate Farm, Lower Beeding, near Horsham, is eighty years old but he still gets a laugh out of life

OLD SUSSEX: George Humphreys has been a Southdown shepherd for sixty-two years, and for the past two decades has worked in this capacity on Upton Farm, near Worthing

AN ALOYSIUS HORN IN KENT

The Philosophy of Tom Cobbly

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

TOM COBBLY: He lives in an old caravan on the outskirts of a Kentish village, was once a sailor, is seventy-four, and has found the secret of happiness

THAT South Seas Island Complex! Faced with the sophistications, the tormenting perplexities of modern Western civilization, with its world economic crisis and its poison gases, literal and metaphoric—we sigh for the power to "contract out" of it all and sail for some far-off, sunny, palm-dotted islet, where we should be able to delight an occasional visitor from Mars by our pleasing simplicity and utter ignorance of Neville Chamberlain and his income tax.

But the thing can be done in Kent.

Holidaying there this year, I met an eminently sane and model citizen who had never heard of Neville Chamberlain or Ramsay MacDonald. His name is not Tom Cobbly, but I will call him that because it would be a shame to have his peace broken by tourists.

Strolling through the fields at the back of a village which was given by Offa, King of Mercia, to the monks of Canterbury in 791, I came across a picturesque old caravan. A neat, little, wizened old man, dressed in a clean flannel shirt and tight fitting corduroy trousers, was bottling cider of his own brew. Thus it was that I met kindly Tom Cobbly, whose seventy-four years of varied experience gained all over the world have not deprived him of the simple idealist philosophy with which so many of us began life and which so many of us have lost.

Tom was born in a Hampshire hamlet. His father, a sailor, took to farming when he married. His mother died when Tom was six weeks old. His father's second wife soon had children of her own. She hated Tom. The boy led a miserable life, and took to wandering alone in the fields and woods all day; he was given no schooling whatever, and cannot read or write to this day; he seldom had enough to eat; his only friends were the farm horses, and his only pleasures were to talk to them and feed them with any bits of apple or carrot that he could scrape.

"I always had a way with animals," said Tom, "'cos I likes 'em and they understand me. When I went to sea I was glad to leave everyone else, but I thought maybe the horses would miss me."

An old shipmate of his father came to the cottage when Tom was twelve. He took pity on the unhappy Tom, and persuaded his father to let him go to sea as cabin boy. Tom went. He never saw his father, his stepmother, his home, or the horses again. For the next eight years he was hard at work at sea; only once did he set foot on shore.

"The skipper took me with him. In South America, it was. I ain't no good at explaining, but I mind well that some Portuguese sailors threw knives at me! But I were small and quick and dodged 'em. But after that I didn't want to go ashore for a very long time. We went from port to port—South America, Australia—and I mind well when the skipper said to me one day: 'Tom, you been right round the world now.'"

When Tom was twenty the ship's carpenter, obviously an adventurous soul, persuaded him to ride the 500 miles across the bush from Sydney to Cape Breton.

"The ship's carpenter were a learned man, could read and write, had a compass and knew everything. He had money and bought two horses. All I mind now of them long months fifty years ago, is the great black bunches of grapes which hit your face when you rode through. We had to get off the horses to cut long vines to get through. They cattlemen were strange folk! They was always playing cards when we halted at a station for the night. Times we went on next day. Times we stayed and gave a hand. I ate a funny Australian dish there. They told me it were made of crows who had fed on moths. Made me sick. After that I'd had enough of land and I went aboard a ship that traded in the Pacific Isles. I crossed the world again in a wool boat and got back to London when I were twenty-four."

Horses and the countryside called Tom strongly, and in Brentwood he became a farm hand once more. He fell in love when he was thirty with a girl who was to be "the best partner a man ever had" for forty years until she died. "God rest her soul," he says, every time that he speaks of her.

Tom called her "Mother." He and she travelled the Southern counties together selling brooms and brushes in the winter and becoming farm hands and hop-pickers in the summer. They never married because "Mother" was a Roman Catholic and Tom's father had been "Chapel." When "Mother took ill," Tom felt he had to tell the district nurse that they weren't married. Then, humbly, he waited her shocked comment—but "'Well,' she says, 'you two are that fond of each other, you're better partners than many married folk.' Yes, she says that."

"'Mother' was as clean as spring water," Tom told me proudly, "and I keeps myself just like she used to. When we was travelling about, if we came to a cross roads and we didn't know which way to go, we used to toss up three times. If it came down heads twice we took the right, if tails the left, and it was always right. *I don't mind we two ever went the wrong road.* God rest her soul."

Tom's good companion lies beneath the shadow of a 13th-century church two miles from his caravan. When he is "stood off" from work in winter, Tom sits by "Mother," smoking his short clay pipe, full of contentment, looking at the miles of country spread out below. He repeats to himself the names of the owners of the farms dotted here and there, and likes to pick out the landmarks with his keen far-seeing sailor's blue eyes. "Mother's" tidily clipped, simple grave is decorated with a marmalade jar packed with wild flowers. ("Terrible she were on flowers.") "When I looks for her grave across that beautiful valley," said Tom simply, "and thinks on all the things I've seen, why, I *knows* there's a God."

Tom hears the wireless when he goes down to the village on Sundays. He cannot understand all these new things but he has at last grasped that it would be possible to have a set in his wagon. He laughs at the idea and seems proud to think it *is* possible. He does not remember ever to have heard of the Chamberlains, Gladstone, and their like, but he does remember the names of all the people for whom he has worked, and he is a loyal subject of the Crown, knowing all about Queen Victoria, King Edward, King George, and the Prince of Wales.

"Must have 'em," he assented approvingly. "Must have someone in charge to keep the peace."

Tom has a sounder grasp of economics than a good many thousands of his literate, educated countrymen. He has the old-age pension, a savings account, and no rent to pay, and so could afford not to work.

"But I'd have to see what happened to the seed I helped put in, and the next spring I'd want to put it in again and make the soil ready. No one need tell *me* what to do! I knows all about the land and works hard for my guv'ner. When some of these

(Continued on p. 38)

A RED-LETTER DAY: When the harvest is over and the peasants can enjoy a brief respite from toil, the men and women in each village don their picturesque traditional costumes for the thanksgiving service and afterwards take part in a round of festivities. Note the beautifully hand-embroidered coat of lambskin worn by the girl on the right of this picture

THE KERMESS

Harvest Thanksgiving in Czechoslovakia

CZECH HIGHLANDERS: The weird-looking bagpipes carried by the man on the right provide the music for the dancing

To the agricultural population of Czechoslovakia the Kermess is the day of days. It marks the end of a year of labour in the fields, and it is then that the people flock to the churches to give thanks wholeheartedly for the bounty of the earth. The Kermess is without doubt one of the most picturesque festivals in Europe—the colourful dresses of the women, the equally gay clothes of the men, and the folk dances all contributing to a scene of kaleidoscopic animation.

BEAUTY ADORNED: In addition to their embroidered clothes many of the women wear wreaths of flowers and glittering coins round their heads, while massive necklaces encircle their throats

PLAYS OF

First-Rate Team Work in the New Cochran Revue at the Palace: "Josephine"—A Dull and Silly Play: "Yes, Madam?"—Bright and Amusing Entertainment with Binnie Hale and Bobby Howes as the Principal Attractions

"YES, MADAM?" Binnie Hale and the chorus in the new musical comedy which, judging by its first-night reception, has quite evidently come to the Hippodrome for a long stay. It is based on a novel by K. R. G. Browne

IT HAS BEEN said, I think wrongly, that the ideal revue should contain elements suited to all tastes. *Streamline*, which is Mr. Cochran's twenty-first revue, and in many ways his most ambitious, will not please those who are out only for the expected. These folk will not find the gruesome sketch with a murder in it, nor a sentimental song, nor a conventional ballet.

When Mr. Cochran wants a few moments of serious music, he gets someone not to sing but to dance or pose; so we find Miss Tilly Losch again showing us her "attitudes," not to Bach, as she did in a previous revue, but to Rameau, and less classic but not less graceful gestures from the very Spanish La Jana to the music of Granados.

Of dancing *en masse* there is plenty and all of it good, but it is part of sundry episodes and not there as an end in itself. Wise Mr. Cochran! He knows the present vogue, and high standard of the Russian Ballet, and that any revue ballet would fall short by comparison.

Of melodramatic horror there is none. Yet the finale of *Streamline* is as grim a thing as I have seen on any stage—a suggestion of the modern maniacal craze for speed and noise, girls spinning faster and faster while a nightmare tune is bawled raucously through a megaphone. I did not like this. I doubt whether anyone could like this essence of the insanity of 1934. It is diabolically clever and impressive—and diabolical is *le mot juste*.

There are gentler aspects in this entertainment, which is entertainment nearly all the way. A ball-room scene of a century ago with its waltz; the comic patter of a youth and a maiden of to-day who spend an expensive evening in West-end restaurants without being able to get a mouthful of food (most of us know that long and tedious cabaret during which no food can be served); Mr. A. P. Herbert again dabbling wittily in "holy deadlock," this time in a registry office, and poking deadly fun at public-school happenings; a burlesque of Napoleon all the better for being an intentional one and thus far removed from the prevailing fashion. All this is first-rate, and so is much more which there is simply not enough space to mention.

Streamline has no "star" of such overwhelming magnitude that nearly all else must be sacrificed to his or her (it is usually "her") demands. That is a good point. And the second half is much better than the first—also to the good. The teamwork is first-rate, with Miss Florence Desmond the centre-forward as it were. It had been announced that Miss Desmond would do none of her imitations; but ladies—or is it revue producers?—have the privilege of changing their minds, and she duly conjured up film spirits from the vasty depths of Hollywood. She was even better as a broadcasting heroine of the air—an amusingly cruel portrait—telling an adoring world how she was the first mother to fly to the North Pole with a baby, and showing how sweet are the uses of advertisement.

The late Harry Pelissier knocked on the head the old theory that one cannot burlesque a burlesque by turning out a burlesque pantomime far funnier than a real one. Mr. Herbert and Mr. Vivian Ellis have here successfully attempted a Gilbert and Sullivan burlesque. I cannot make up my mind whether Mr. Herbert as Gilbert or Mr. Ellis as Sullivan reached the winning-post first. Probably a dead heat. But there is no doubt as to this episode being a winner.

Curiously enough, it won but scant applause, for all its brilliance, from the fashionable and presumably intelligent audience who had assembled (at £2 10s. a stall) for a Cochran *première*. A possible explanation is that the majority had never in their lives seen a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, such fare being not sufficiently fashionable for them and much too intelligent. On the other hand, a couple of good, though not exceptional, ball-room dances "stopped the show" and were hailed with ecstatic delight.

Admirable comedy work comes from Mr. Charles Heslop, Miss Nora Howard, Mr. William Stephens, Miss Sinata Marsden, and Mr. Harvey Braban; and I have never seen Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies look better in these scenes of dazzling magnificence of costume—except in the one scene in which the sole costume of each seemed to my untutored eye to be a spider's web about 6 in. in diameter.

LOVE ON A DOORSTEP: Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes, co-stars in so many past successes, are once again united in *Yes, Madam?*. Mr. Page, in his review, accords the show high praise

"Josephine."—A few weeks ago I had some hard things to say of Mr. Alfred Sangster's play, *Napoleon*, at the Embassy Theatre. But compared with *Josephine*, a translation by Mr. Emlyn Williams of an old comedy by Hermann Bahr, it was a masterpiece.

Mr. Sangster had the virtue of being rarely dull; the Williams-Bahr combination was never anything but dull, and the play was exasperatingly silly as well. Both presented an absurd Napoleon. In Mr. Sangster's play, however, Napoleon became less absurd as time went on, and at St. Helena was a credible and even dignified figure. The Napoleon of *Josephine*, on the other hand, grew more and more absurd, and it was fortunate that we did not have to follow him as far as St. Helena, or further than his advent to the Tuileries, where he had shed childish hysteria for pomposity. He was equally boring in both moods.

As a play, as far as this was a play at all and not a collection of dummies draped with military or First Empire costumes, it showed Napoleon desperately in love with Josephine, and she indifferent to him, up to and including the Italian campaign, and after that date the position reversed, Napoleon losing all

PILLARS OF THE STAGE: Bobbie Howes, as a young man who has entered domestic service for a limited period so that he may become entitled to a fortune, and Binnie Hale, as a girl who has done the same thing for the same reason

THE HOUR

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

affection for her the moment the Consulate loomed near. That was not only poor dramatic construction but still poorer history; we know that Napoleon loved Josephine, in his fashion, as late as 1814 (the year in which she died), and wandered through her rooms at Malmaison disconsolate. If he was worried about her laconic love letters when on Italian battlefields, he assuredly could never have ignored the battles altogether as he was made to do here, or he would not have won them.

The great man was shown answering his officers' requests for orders with schoolboy sobs, kissing the courier who brought a letter from Josephine, and, as an afterthought, asking his cook, of all people, to sound the advance in a lamentable situation on which the curtain mercifully fell. It rose again to reveal Napoleon and Josephine embracing before a musical comedy chorus and looking out of a window while the "Marseillaise" was played in unison. If the last act was intended to be satirical it lost the whole of its point through miscasting; but it was indeterminate stuff and no cast could have done anything with it, which indeed, applies to the play as a whole.

Mr. Frank Vosper and Miss Mary Ellis may therefore be excused and awarded much sympathy. Lady Tree did what she could with the inexplicable part of a *vivandière* and fortune-teller on the battlefield who turned up at the Tuileries in the last act as, apparently, a great lady of the *ancien régime*. Mr. Lyn Harding had but little to do as Napoleon's servant, and Mr. Spencer Trevor had even less in a scene which had no connection with the play at all.

I doubt whether I have seen a worse play than *Josephine* anywhere, and certainly not at His Majesty's Theatre.

"Yes, Madam?"—The first act of *Yes, Madam?*" the new musical play at the Hippodrome, lasted on the first night about one hour and fifty minutes. That made it longer than the first act of *Parsifal* or *Die Meistersinger*. But it is much funnier than either.

I prefer the old scheme of musical plays being divided, like Gaul, into three parts, which gives one a couple of intervals in which to celebrate the arrival of a success or console oneself because of a failure, as the case may be. But with that nearly all criticism of *Yes, Madam?* may be dropped as far as I am concerned.

This is a bright, amusing, pretty entertainment, far better than most of its predecessors at this theatre, and many of those were good. Knock-about fun exists in plenty—and in the literal sense in the case of the scenes between Miss Vera Pearce (who scored the outstanding triumph of the evening) and Mr. Bobby Howes. Miss Pearce is large and Mr. Howes is small, and their dialogue in a bedroom scene, followed by a dance in a night club, made full use of the difference in their sizes. Simple stuff, of course, but the very best of its kind and it evoked the sort of laughter which comes from the kiddies at a Christmas pantomime—"a happy noise to hear."

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV'S FAIRY-TALE OPERA: A colourful scene in *The Snow Maiden* at Sadler's Wells Theatre

POSE STATUESQUE: Pearl Argyle, première danseuse in Molière's superb comedy, *Love is the Best Doctor*, which is being presented at the Winter Garden in conjunction with Bernard Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion*

DRAWING ALL NEW YORK: A picture taken in the auditorium of the Martin Beck Theatre on the first night of *Pinafore*, one of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas being played by the D'Oyly Carte Company during its American tour

Mr. Billy Leonard, admirably funny in a rather amorphous part, and Miss Bertha Belmore also had a comic dance-duet which ran this very close.

Comedy of a quieter but no less effective type comes from Mr. Wylie Watson, who can not only play a 'cello but spin it round on that elongated pin which 'cellos affect as swiftly and as neatly as any man in Yorkshire. Mr. Watson is a comedian who understands restraint as well as he understands the ways of the North of England from which he is, to us, a welcome exile.

Mr. Howes and Miss Binnie Hale canoodle romantically, but the love element is not made too prominent, and we are spared sentimental and prolonged misunderstandings and reconciliations. When Miss Hale has to sing a fairly serious song, and at least one quite pretty one is provided for her, she does not slop over it, and her dainty dancing is always a delight. Messrs. Jack Waller and Joseph Tunbridge have written music that has positive virtues in addition to the negative one of being non-blatant; they are clever enough to "cod" almost any musical style—and they do. But I wish they would try to make those very charming chorus girls make a nicer noise when they attempt to sing.

But it is the laughter that matters, and there is ample cause for that.

SHOWS TO SEE

ADELPHI: Jack Buchanan in *Mr. Whittington.*

AMBASSADORS: Lilian Braithwaite in *Family Affairs.*

CRITERION: John Gielgud in *The Maitlands.*

DALY'S: Seymour Hicks in *Vintage Wine.*

DUCHESS: Beatrix Lehmann in J. B. Priestley's *Eden End.*

GAIETY: Stanley Lupino in *Sporting Love.*

GLOBE: Ivor Novello, Fay Compton, and Edna Best in *Murder in Mayfair*

HAYMARKET: Marie Ney and Ian Hunter in *Touch Wood.*

LYRIC: Joan Marion in *Men in White.*

PRINCES: Enid Cruickshank in *Merrie England.*

QUEEN'S: Gertrude Lawrence and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, in *Moonlight is Silver.*

SAVOY: *Clive of India.*

SHAFTESBURY: Laura La Plante in *Admirals All.*

ST. JAMES': Gladys Cooper and Raymond Massey in *The Shining Hour.*

ST. MARTIN'S: Celia Johnson in *The Wind and the Rain.*

VICTORIA PALACE: *Young England.*

FICTION AND REALITY:

The World of Books

BY VERNON FANE

Some Novels of the Moment, and Some Remarkable Facts About Dope Addicts and Traffickers

HAVE you a sense of humour? Of course. There is scarcely a being born who has not, does not laugh or smile at something. Then what is this sense of humour that we are so delighted to have, and are always so dreadfully pleased to say of so-and-so (whom we slightly dislike) that he hasn't got it?

A bright young friend of mine has defined a sense of humour as that which we use in order to avoid the major issues of life. Which makes me laugh.

Few people would accuse Mr. Hugh Walpole of a lack of sense of humour. Good humour and a zest for life bubble out of his books; even his more sinister ones have a grand gusto which carry the story along. For Mr. Walpole's great strength as novelist is the swing of his action and the power of his descriptive writing. Such issues as he raises are consistent only with the interplay of his story, and dependent upon the development of his characters. No novelist was more of a story-teller and less of a preacher than Mr. Walpole.

Take **CAPTAIN NICHOLAS** (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.). The man from whom the novel takes its title is a bad man; a blackmailer, a liar, a thief, and a swindler. The Carlisle family, living a life of comfortable respectability in Smith Square, Westminster, live to regret the confidences they individually and severally bestow upon him. He wreaks havoc with their domestic bliss, until he is finally dismissed, if undefeated, by the kindly Fanny.

A struggle, you may say, between good and evil, with a presage, if you like, of the ultimate bad end to which evil must come, since Captain Nicholas is shadowed out of the story by a mysterious avenger who knows too much.

Yes, but to make his story, Mr. Walpole has had to lay bare the so much bad in the best of us. Each member of that "respectable" household had to have a guilty secret for the villain to exploit. In other words, it is a story of a wicked man and some people who were only a little bad.

And can Mr. Walpole tell a good story? Of course he can.

Mr. Aldington, on the other hand, uses the novel for a deeper purpose. He does not write for library subscribers in pursuit of a palate-tickling story. He wears an immense scholarship with an ease that conceals it from all but the discriminating, and his prose bears the delicate touch of a man whose first love is poetry.

For some reason or other he chooses the novel in which to say what he has to say. And what he has to say is usually important.

Any woman who thinks at all about the position of her sex in the social and economic world of to-day; who has surveyed, perhaps experienced, the "emancipatory" period, and still finds a good many questions unanswered, cannot fail to be moved by **WOMEN MUST WORK** (Chatto. 7s. 6d.).

Etta Morison's problems are no story-telling expedient; her progress, from her first bid towards "independence," her failures, her lapses, her triumphs, and her ultimate perplexity have a basis in reality and a deep spiritual significance.

Mr. Richard Aldington is at his best when deeply moved (as, for instance. in the passage which follows "She yearned for something different, something she vaguely labelled 'life')." In Etta he has created, a real, a brave, and in some ways a very attractive woman. She is his best female creation since "Georgie" of *The Colonel's Daughter*. *Women Must Work* should be very popular.

Of another decade, almost (nowadays) of another world, are the characters in Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald's **TENDER IS THE NIGHT** (Chatto. 7s. 6d.). They belong to the roaring 'twenties; the people of *The Great Gatsby* (which novel, I am delighted to learn, Mr. T. S. Eliot declared to be "the first step forward in the American novel since Henry James").

Forward from James! The banner is on ahead; almost out of sight of Mr. Fitzgerald, who in this book does little but mark time on his old stamping ground.

Does *little*, did I say? No; certainly not that. Dick Diver, Nicole, Rosemary Hoyt, and their complement of Riviera loungers may be out of date; their atmosphere of love-and-hate-in-idleness, of sun-sprawling debauchery, of the eternal orchestra of drink and dissipation may be as dated as *The Green Hat*, but it is as vivid, biting, and compelling as only their creator knows how to make it.

If Mr. Fitzgerald has apparently learned nothing in ten years, he certainly has forgotten nothing.

Personally I care very little for the unreality of his scene. For Mr. Fitzgerald can write. And how.

So can Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour who, in **INTERLUDE FOR SALLY** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), continues the story of that most charming and moving of heroines, Sally Dunn, of *Maids and Mistresses*.

Sally's new job takes her into the domestic storms and comedies of the Merrall household. An "unconventional" lot, the Merralls, paying, in their several ways, the penalty for their defiance. Stubbornly ranged against them were the rural community among whom they chose to live; and quite the most absorbing development of their story is the losing battle they fought before being driven back to London.

So Sally's was a turbulent year, but she emerges with her feet firmer on the ground than when she first went to Stonehill, and the promise of a further development of her story to come.

THE FORTUNATE SIMPLETON by John Connell (Cassell. 7s. 6d.) was Edgar Allan McDougall whom Oxford University had equipped with its own humorous and peculiar advantages for the purpose of earning a living. Now McDougall *was* a simpleton, and naturally the going was tough.

His pilgrimage is a wealth of progress among charlatans, over-amorous women, double-crossers, and hypocrites, with numerous and swiftly-changing interludes, most of them very amusing. Indeed, the book begins by giving the impression of a light-hearted and amusing satire on contemporary life until one realizes the burning indignation beneath it all.

Irony is a dangerous weapon, but Mr. Connell proves his ability to wield it skilfully. A very readable book.

A pretty little story in an old-fashioned manner (and none the worse for that) is Ferenc Molnar's **ANGEL MAKING MUSIC** (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.).

Venice; the Doge's Palace "flamed rose-red in the June sunshine"; the blue of "that distant, sprawling, waveless, false sea" the Laguna; "gold, everything gold, gold. . . ." The subtle, very young, very virginal, very daring Irma; the beautiful, blonde Madonna-like Judith; the "brown lad with white teeth" whom they both loved. Yes, and the little Angel, making music in the corner of Bellini's canvas in the Frari.

The ingredients are rich enough. The author of *Liliom* certainly knows how to use them.

SEVEN GOTHIC TALES by Isak Dinesen (Putnam. 7s. 6d.) has a wrapper and frontispiece by Rex Whistler, and is the kind of book publishers usually charge 10s. 6d. for, and is consequently very good value.

There are in it, as the title indicates, seven tales each averaging 20,000 words apiece. The author, a Dane writing in English, not only accomplished brilliantly that most difficult task, but brings back to contemporary literature a classic and none too easy form.

There is a deftness and a subtlety in the Gothic structure of each of these stories, and one of them at least, *The Monkey*, is a masterpiece.

And now I must leave the realm of fiction for the world of grim reality as revealed by Mr. Ferdinand Tuohy in **INSIDE DOPE** (Hamish Hamilton. 6s.).

Mr. Tuohy begins his book with a collection of news items taken at random from the Press of the world, each a sidelight on the ramifications of the traffic in drugs. Wisely he disclaims no "sensation-hunting" purpose. He set out to find the facts, and they are here, soberly recorded in this book.

Quietly enough he sets down the details he has unearthed, but they reveal a state of affairs which must make any ordinary decent man's hair stand on end.

Few ordinary people can understand the nature of "dope": Mr. Tuohy explains its most frequent and most insidious forms. We then see how victims are first introduced to drugs; the horrors which addicts endure, and the tortures of various "cures." And then, upon this basis, we are introduced to the awful "trade": illegal in most countries, but openly fostered by some unscrupulous governments.

Nothing but international co-operation can stamp out this most awful and terrible traffic which is growing in volume every day and wreaking havoc among the races forming Western civilization. Mr. Tuohy's book deserves the widest possible attention, for it is not only the most authoritative work on the subject, but it contains a challenge which should be taken up and pressed home by everyone who can see the writing on the wall.

A BOOK LIST

An index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., recently received by "The Sphere."

STUDIO, LTD.—INDUSTRIAL DESIGN AND THE FUTURE. By Geoffrey Holme. 15s. net. *Hours of Leisure Series:* CUT PAPER DECORATION. By Christopher St. John. FABRIC PRINTING. By W. B. Adeney. RADIO AND GRAMOPHONE CABINETS. By P. A. Wells. THE MODEL THEATRE. By Victor Hembrow. THE DOLL'S HOUSE. By J. A. Grant. CUSHION MAKING. By Jeanneta Cochrane. 1s. each. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.—INTERLUDE FOR SALLY. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. 8s. 6d. net. CHAPMAN & HALL.—SHADOW THY DREAM. By Rosalind Wade. 7s. 6d. net. COLLINS.—NOTHING HID. By Archibald Marshall. 7s. 6d. net. WINDING ROAD. By Neil Bell. 8s. 6d. net. CHATTO & WINDUS.—TENDER IS THE NIGHT. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. 7s. 6d. net. WOMEN MUST WORK. By Richard Aldington. 7s. 6d. net. THREE MEN DIE. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. 7s. 6d. net. DOCTOR MARTINO AND OTHER STORIES. By William Faulkner. 7s. 6d. net. BASIL BLACKWELL.—A HOPE FOR POETRY. By Cecil Day Lewis. 6s. net. SIMPLE SCIENCE. By E. N. da C. Andrade and Julian Huxley. 8s. 6d. net. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, LTD.—THE SAILOR'S WAY. By Captain A. R. Evans. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. A GENERAL CARGO. By Weston Martyr. 7s. 6d. net. THE FORTUNE OF THE SANDS: A Romance of Moray. By James Lorimer. 7s. 6d. net. ROUTLEDGE.—BERTRAND OF BRITTANY: A Biography of Messire du Guesclin. By Roger Vercel. 10s. 6d. net. A BIOGRAPHY OF THE GREEK PEOPLE. By Cecil Fairfield Lavell. 8s. 6d. net. THE PAGEANT OF CHINESE HISTORY. By Elizabeth Seeger. Illustrated by Bernard Watkins. 8s. 6d. net. SAMPSON LOW.—LOVE'S A PUZZLE. By Faith Baldwin. 7s. 6d. net. INSOLENCE OF OFFICE. By C. M. Allen. 7s. 6d. net. J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD.—ISLAND OF REFUGE. By John Fisher. 7s. 6d. net. OXFORD INTO COALFIELD. By Roger Dataller. 5s. net. THE NEW TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE. Edited by M. R. Ridley, with engravings by Eric Gill: *Timon of Athens, As You Like It, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Titus Andronicus, Hamlet, The Comedy of Errors*. 2s. net each vol. JOHN MURRAY.—CHOPIN: His Life. By William Murdoch. Illustrated. 16s. net. THE MEMOIRS OF A BOOKMAN. By James Milne. Illustrated. 12s. net. SWORD FOR HIRE: The Saga of a Modern Free-Companion. By Douglas V. Duff. 10s. 6d. net. THE BATON IN THE KNAPSACK: New Light on Napoleon and his Marshals. By Laurence Currie. Illustrated. 12s. net. THE CRAFT OF FORGERY. By Henry T. F. Rhodes. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—NURSERY RHYMES. Collected and illustrated by Marjory Hood. 5s. net. DUCKWORTH.—JONAH'S GOURD VINE. By Zora Neale Hurston. 7s. 6d. net. HAMISH HAMILTON.—NO SKY. By Nigel Balchin. 7s. 6d. net. INSIDE DOPE. By Ferdinand Tuohy. 6s. net. MASTER SANGUINE WHO ALWAYS BELIEVED WHAT HE WAS TOLD. By Ivor Brown. 7s. 6d. net. METHUEN.—CONDEMNED TO DEATH. By Louise Thuliez. Translated from the French by Marie Poett-Velitchko. 7s. 6d. net. Illustrated. THE FINANCIERS AND THE NATION. By the Right Hon. Thomas Johnston. With a Preface by Sidney Webb. 5s. net. GARDEN DESIGN OF TO-DAY. By Percy S. Cane. Illustrated. 15s. net. THE SIAMESE CAT. By Phyl Wade. With an Introduction by Compton Mackenzie. 5s. net. CASSELL.—THE FORTUNATE SIMPLETON. By John Connell. 7s. 6d. net. OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.—THE THINGS WHICH BELONG. By Constance Holme (The World's Classics). 2s. net. HERITAGE.—THESE BARRIERS. By John Sorsky. 7s. 6d. net. AN EDEN OF THE GOOD. By Grant Madison Hervey. 7s. 6d. net. RICH & COWAN.—MURDER ON THE MOORS. By Colin Campbell. 7s. 6d. net. PUBLIC ENEMIES. By Axel Bracey. 7s. 6d. net. THE WHITE DRAGON. Written and illustrated by Logi Southby. 21s. net. FREDERICK MULLER, LTD.—ENGLISH ENGLAND. By C. Whitaker-Wilson. 2s. 6d. net. LOVAT DICKSON.—LAND OF PROMISE. By Leo Lania. Translated by R. Henry. 8s. 6d. net. DAVID MACDONALD, LTD.—PATRICIA PEMBROKE. By Florence Hutton. 1s. net. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—SWALLOWS IN SPRINGTIME. By Mary Sturt. 7s. 6d. net.

What Other People are Doing

GENTLEMEN PLAYERS: Sir Stanley Jackson, chairman of the M.C.C. Selection Committee, and Lord Hawke, doyen of English cricket, on the links at North Berwick

HISTORY ON THE SPOT: Mr. Hunter Blair lecturing the Berwickshire Naturalists Club on Flodden Field—scene of the last great struggle between the Scots and English in 1513. Several of those present were descendants of men who fought and died in the battle

A GIFTED TRIO: Mr. John Barrymore (centre) at Claridge's with Mr. Alexander Korda, the well-known film director, and Mr. George Grossmith (right), chairman of London Films. Mr. Barrymore is to play the part of the scientist in the new talkie based on H. G. Wells's *The Shape of Things to Come*

TO DO HONOUR TO THE PERSIAN HOMER: Mr. John Drinkwater (centre) and Sir Denison Ross (right) who left London for Persia last week to attend the celebrations in memory of Firdausí, the great poet. Sir Barry Jackson (left) and Lord Horder (third from left) saw them off at Victoria

AN EDUCATIONAL PIONEER: Mr. J. H. Badley, founder of Bedales co-educational school, has begun his last term after being headmaster for over forty years. He is seen here dining with a boy and girl prefect

BESTRIDING THEIR NARROW WORLD: A model of Coventry made from matchboxes by local school children under the guidance of their teachers

Autumn Forecasts

Luxury is the Keynote of Both Day and Evening Modes

If coats and frocks are sumptuous, hats are certainly rising to the occasion, for crowns and brims grow higher and higher, and whether we go Russian or *gamin* our heads are in the clouds.

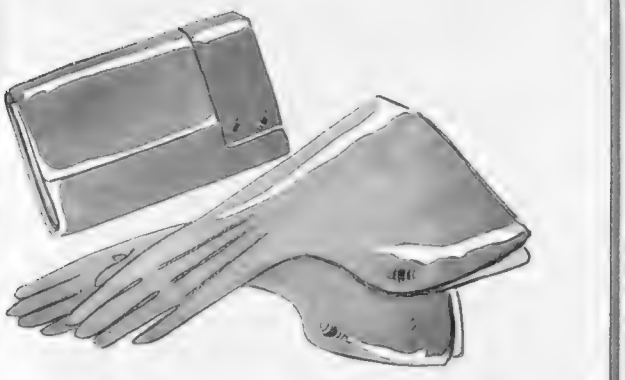
Immediately above is a very attractive model from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly Circus, W. In black felt with a seamed crown, it has an upstanding brim of velour with a gros-grain ribbon knotted at the side front.

Filigree gilt balls ornament the debonair cap, which is of rust-coloured angora, closely rucked and twisted into a knot on the top of the head. This too comes from Swan and Edgar, where there is an infinite variety of new hats.

In the evening lamé and velvet reign supreme. Always colourful, this year they are more beautiful than ever before, especially the blues and the purples that were the highlights of almost every collection.

On the left is an exquisite frock in lapis blue lamé subtly patterned with flowers in the same shade. A widened shoulder line is given by flat folds turned back from the square neck and a pleated frill is held just above the waist at the back. All the movement in the skirt is concentrated in the front and in the graceful train.

A cape of amethyst velvet completes this model from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.



A perfect ensemble for luncheon, for tea—in fact right through the day—is seen above. In novelty black angora with a woven knot, the dress has a draped bolero-front, and two slanting patch pockets immediately below the waist. The belt is of patent leather, and a matching buckle is worn at one side of the neck. Black broadtail, which forms a pointed yoke at the back, trims the loose sleeveless coat. This model is included in the autumn collection at Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge

Accessories should be used either as exclamation marks or as a sobering influence when the main scheme is flamboyant. Their only other mission is to be truly elegant—an end which is achieved by the gloves and bag on the extreme left of the opposite page. The former are made in real black Arabian mocha, and they cost 27s. 9d. The bag is of black French antelope bordered with lacquered string. Soft grained cape leather is used for the matching bag and gloves on this page. Both are trimmed with barrel-shaped buttons of rolled leather, and both are made in brown or black — the gloves for 22s. 9d. and the bag for 35s. 6d. From Debenham and Freebody

Could any woman fail to look and feel her best in such a coat as the one photographed on the left? It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, W., and is made of ribbed black duvetyn, shaped to the waist at the back with rayed pin tucks set at each side, and most luxuriously trimmed with silver fox. The collar can be fastened across the front or left open, as in our picture. The hat is of long-haired velour trimmed with cockades of petersham ribbon and white silk threads

See the NEW

WOOLLIES

at Marshall & Snelgrove's

The Department is now displaying a unique collection of new Autumn styles, the exclusive productions of our Newquay factory. A visit of inspection is suggested.

Very New . . .

"BROADSTONE"

A very new design knitted golf suit, perfectly made, giving a tailored effect. In Navy, Grey, Tomato, Laval, Copper Beech, Cherry, Sage and Bracken. Average and large fittings.

89/6

Sent on approval.

Very Original . . .

"FERNDOWN"

Delightful knitted wool suit, becoming to all figures. The diagonal design is raised on a purl ground; perfect fitting. In Grey, Nigger, Navy, Laval, Green, Russet, Tomato, Copper Beech, and Cherry. Small and medium fittings.

89/6

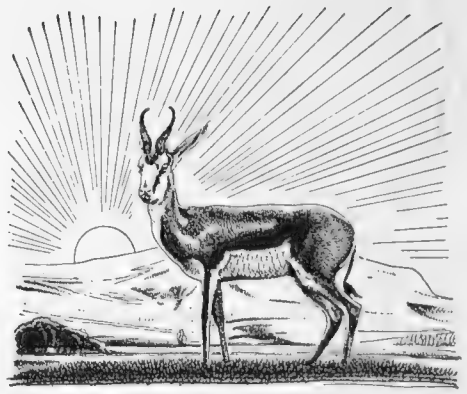
Sent on approval.

KNITWEAR SALON—GROUND FLOOR

Marshall & Snelgrove

Tel. Mayfair 6600 Debenhams Ltd

VERE ST. & OXFORD ST LONDON W.1.



SOUTH AFRICA—

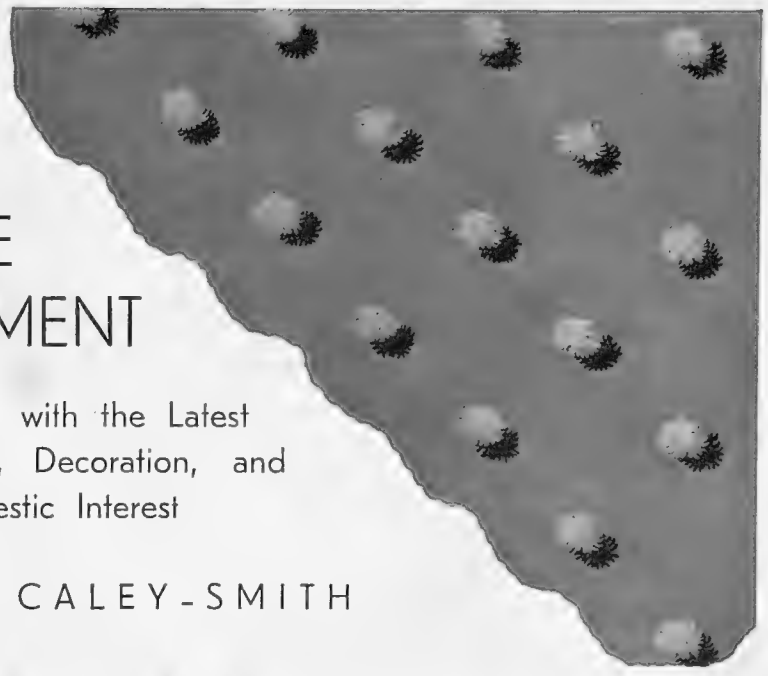
Land of Health

"Sunshine and blue skies; farms and homesteads nestling among mountains and hills; blossoms of peach and plum filling the valleys with colour; the perfume of orange groves; the profusion of wild flowers; the camp fire and the thrill of wild game in the Lowveld; the picturesque Kraals and laughter-loving Natives; the quest of open roads trailing to far horizons; the sparkling air of the Highveld; sea and sun bathing on golden beaches; the bright warm days and cool starlit nights —these memories and the joyous feeling of health and fitness after my last holiday in South Africa will lure me back there before long."

These are an English visitor's impressions of travel in South Africa.

May we send you our descriptive booklet "South Africa Calling" to assist you in planning your next overseas tour? The book will be posted gratis on request to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA



HOME MANAGEMENT

A Special Section Dealing with the Latest Developments in Furnishing, Decoration, and Other Matters of Domestic Interest

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

An inexpensive chintz in a demure scalloped design. Colours: Blue and white, green and ivory, brown and cream, pink and white, etc. Fortnum and Mason

Candlewick chintz, 36 in. wide, and costing less than 3s. a yard at Fortnum and Mason. Colours: Blue, yellow, and black grounds with white, red, or black on white

Period Designs That Influence Furnishing Fabrics

NOWADAYS fashions in furnishing change almost as quickly, and as often, as those in clothes. What was the latest idea in contemporary decoration a year ago no longer pleases the smart woman of to-day.

What are the forecasts for furnishing ideas in the coming Autumn? Well, there is a definite Eastern influence in the furniture and fabrics that Fortnum and Mason are planning for their coming Autumn Exhibition. The designers have turned to China and Japan for their inspiration, and many of the most beautiful of the new furnishing materials owe their colourings to this influence. For example, there is a new heavy-ribbed silk that is ideally suitable for loose covers and curtains, and it is made in the following shades: Chinese white, celadon green, and lacquer.

Fortnum and Mason are also sponsoring new modern furniture which in its simplicity and subtle blending of colours might easily be called "Chinese Modern." For instance, in a dining-room suite the chairs are made in sycamore wood and covered with turquoise blue leather that is edged with a thin piping of scarlet. Contrasted against the pale ivory yellow of the sycamore, these colours appear extremely decorative.

There is a distinct reaction against the hard simplicity of some of the more advanced modern decorative styles. People are tired of plain colours. They instinctively demand pattern and design, and this feeling is creating a revival of interest in the reproductions of period chintzes and toiles de Jouy. The eighteenth-century Baroque is enjoying quite a vogue, and I think we shall see quite a revival of this style treated in the modern manner.

The success of Noel Coward's *Conversation Piece* has inspired a number of interior decorators to imitate these charming Regency styles, and Regency furniture is becoming fashionable again.

All interior decoration is going to be more elaborate and detailed again. Windows are going to be more draped as in the charming style exemplified by Marion Dorn in her new house where the windows are draped with cream organdie.

Animal skins are being used more and more for the covering of furniture, and some of the newest armchairs are covered in natural white calf.

Finally, the new colour schemes for decoration of rooms include many unusual combinations. A recently designed modern bedroom had all the furniture made in glass, and was set against walls painted pale pink whilst all the curtains and covers were executed in sea-green and Chinese white silk.

The lighter shades of blue are being used a great deal, and I recently saw a charming dining-room in an old Tudor country farmhouse where the plaster walls had been painted ice-blue. Light tones of blue form an effective background for old oak or walnut furniture. Other new colour combinations are celadon green and beige, Chinese yellow and white, and blue and white.

Another old fashion that is returning to favour is that of using painted blinds for windows instead of curtains, and this style is being particularly sponsored by Mr. Herman Schrijver, one of the most brilliant young decorators, who is managing director of Messrs. Elden. He has recently decorated his own bedroom in this manner with considerable success.

One of Donald Bros.' interesting new autumn fabrics is seen in the curtain above. Their sense of colour and design is perfectly balanced, and their range is very wide

This interior decorator is also fond of using mirror-glass as a surround for gas-fires and electric-fires, but instead of using large sheets he breaks it up into squares similar to the mirrors used in an eighteenth-century French château.

In conclusion, the coming Exhibition at the Royal Academy next January has stimulated all branches of the furnishing and decorative trades to try and create new and interesting designs in fabrics and furniture. Consequently, there is a greater range of new patterns and designs this autumn than there has been for many years.

Among the large manufacturers who are making a feature of new designs for this Exhibition are Donald Bros., the famous Scottish firm, who promise us a whole series of interesting new weaves and patterns. It is a great tribute to the high standard of taste shown by this firm that one of their designs in a honeycomb pattern carried out in a mixture of cotton and wool, and created several years ago, is still one of the best selling of all modern furnishing fabrics, achieving phenomenal success all over the world.

There is also an attempt to revive wallpapers, and many new ones have been created for this autumn. There is no doubt that a good plain wallpaper is a cheaper method of decorating a room than by painting, and for this reason people are now beginning to use wallpapers again after several years of complete neglect.

I recently saw some of the new ranges of plain-coloured wallpapers, and these have now achieved such subtle pastel shades that it is difficult to tell the difference between wallpaper and real paint. Amongst the colours created for these wallpapers are—pastel blue and pink, eau de Nil, and a real sunshine yellow.

The tendency in contemporary methods of lighting remains very much the same, although decorators are still trying to conceal the lighting of a room as much as possible, hiding lights behind cornices, window pelmets, and placing them in ornamental vases.

Derek Patmore

Marion Dorn drapes the windows of her new house with cream organdie—a welcome change, and an indication of the trend towards elaboration

Beauty of line and a satisfying effect of restraint are created in this lovely eighteenth-century English living-room decorated by Guy Elwes. The rare lacquered cabinets are perfect against the panelled walls

THE PAST *has* CHARM

Eighteenth-century Furniture in a Twentieth-century Setting

People to-day are inclined to imagine that household commodities like wallpaper are a modern invention. They forget that wallpapers were immensely popular during the eighteenth century in England, particularly hand-painted in the Chinese style, and these old papers can still be bought. Such wallpapers form a very appropriate background for the furniture of the period, like Chippendale, Sheraton, and Hepplewhite, and with soft faded colours lend a subtle colour combination to any room into which they are introduced. Green and Abbott, Ltd., have a large stock of these old wallpapers.

What else has the past to offer us? The gracious charm of Queen Anne walnut furniture with its tall-boys and wide comfortable chairs, covered in petit-point embroidery or old tapestry; elegant methods of lighting such as old silver sconces and chandeliers of cut-glass and bronze. Past styles can inspire so many simple and effective arrangements of furniture and decoration. Maybe the success of a room will depend on the clever arrangement of the old furniture in it, or it may rely on the colours of an old painting hanging on one of the walls. Some period rooms are successful because they are cleverly lit.

A SPRAY of flowers in a Chinese vase may beautify an attractive scheme. A panel of antique embroidery or tapestry hanging on the wall of a small room may lend it an air of space and perspective. A brilliantly coloured piece of old brocade or a piece of old Chinese embroidery flung across a settee or the top of a piano may enrich an otherwise commonplace room. There are decorative values in the tone of panelled walls. A room panelled in old stripped pine suggests a pink and brown scheme. Ancient oak panelling as a background lends itself more to patterned materials—a chintz or a brocaded fabric.

The heritage of the past is ours for the taking. We have only to learn how to use it. Good taste comes from education, and to be educated we must learn about what has gone before us. Unfortunately, so many people appear to have forgotten this fact. Why is it that more people do not bother to visit the great public museums, where, as in the case of the Victoria and Albert, they could study the styles of the different periods arranged with all their correct detail? Undoubtedly, museums offer a great deal of inspiration in the way of new arrangements of furniture and suggestions for colour schemes; and for those who are doubtful as to how their old furniture should be arranged, a visit to the furniture section of the Victoria and Albert Museum would serve to instruct them as well as offer them unexpected enjoyment.

TO-DAY we are so troubled by the quick changes of the present that we are beginning to look back to the past in the hope of obtaining some of its peace and tranquillity. And we are right to do so. Past generations have left us a culture and tradition which it is our privilege to live up to and inherit.

They created a style of living—particularly in the eighteenth century—which still remains one of the most satisfying that the world has known. For this reason, period styles will never go out of fashion. They represent the result of centuries of creative effort and civilization; the best of Elizabethan, Queen Anne, and the Georgian styles will always remain perfect examples of three different ways of how to live properly.

Despite the great popularity of the modern school of decoration, it is astonishing how many fine period houses, and flats decorated in old style still remain in this country. Even in the cities a great many Queen Anne and Georgian houses still retain their old schemes of period decoration.

One of the most striking examples of such a house is Lady Alexandra Metcalfe's Queen Anne house in Westminster, where her architects have cleverly retained the atmosphere of the past whilst installing all the practical innovations of the present.

Such interior decorators as Mr. H. McH. Scales, of Italia House, are also enthusiasts of period styles. This decorator believes in making his period schemes of decoration correct in every small detail, and is also very fond of introducing old wrought-iron into his designs. Old wrought-iron was used a great deal in Tudor houses, and also in the very Italianate schemes of the eighteenth century, and it still possesses immense decorative qualities.

OF COURSE, one of the heritages of the past is the enormous amount of fine old wood panelling bequeathed to us by our ancestors. No contemporary substitute can equal the beauty of fine pine-panelled walls or the carved linen-fold oak panels that were used so frequently in Tudor country houses. Panelling, undoubtedly, creates a restful atmosphere in a room, and is still admirable for a living-room or a dining-room whether it be large or small. Much of this old panelling has been taken down from its original position, and such decorating firms as Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge, and Hamptons, always have such a reconstructed room on view.

A very beautiful period room was recently designed for a small house in Mayfair where the whole scheme of decoration had been built round some fine carved panels in walnut which had been brought over from an old disused chapel in Rome. Set against antique Persian carpets and furniture covered in crimson velvet, the effect was that of dignity and repose.

Modern decorators have not made enough use of heraldic designs, and yet the sense of form found in these old emblems and coats-of-arms is extraordinarily fine. In the past, it was the custom to carve the coat-of-arms of the owner of the house above the fireplace of the principal living room. Such a custom could be still observed, and is well worth imitating. Frequently one can find old carved wooden coats-of-arms lying about in antique shops, and when placed above the fireplace in either dining-room or drawing-room, such an addition will appear unusually decorative and attractive.

Walls of palest green with peach satin curtains and a quilted copper-coloured pelmet form a pleasing background for silver mirrors, a pine stool, and a dressing-table draped in green and silver brocade. A restful and ageless room created by H. McH. Scales of Italia House

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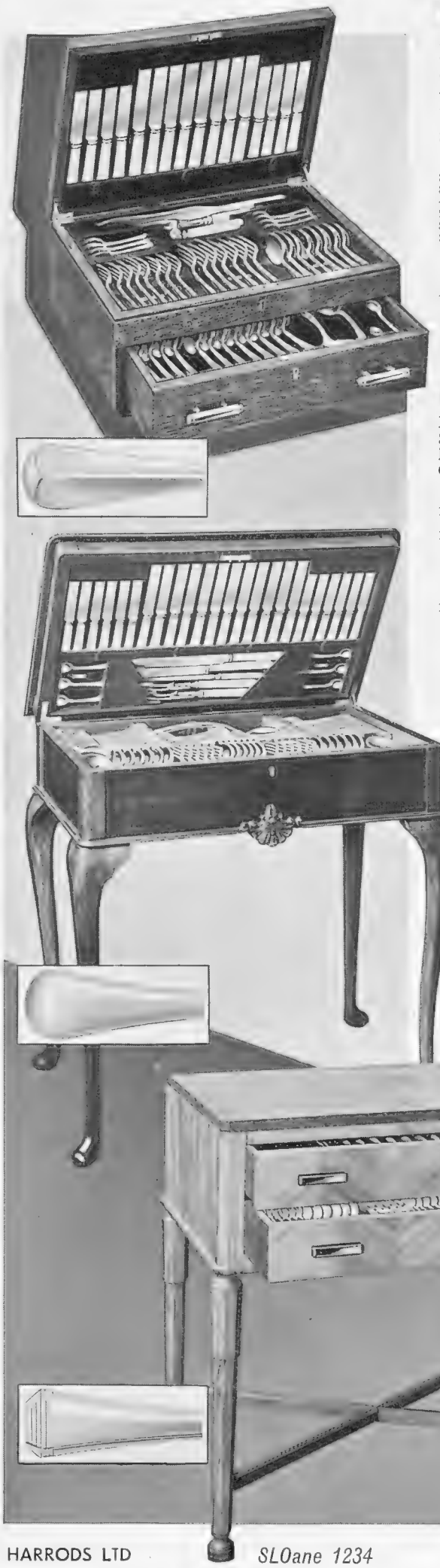

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12 Dessert and 12 Tea Spoons.
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1 Steel
12 Table and 12 Dessert Forks
6 Egg Spoons
2 Sauce Ladles
1 Soup Ladle
1 Sugar Tongs

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CONTENTS

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1 Pair Poultry Carvers
1 Steel
12 Dessert and 12 Table Forks
6 Table and 12 Soup Spoons
12 Dessert and 12 Tea Spoons
2 Sauce Ladles 6 Egg Spoons
12 Pairs Fish Knives and Fork

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The Two-Purposes Room of the MODERN HOME

And the Ingenuity of Double-Duty Furniture

DINING - ROOM AND SITTING - ROOM: A corner settee provides added seating accommodation yet takes up the minimum of space

"MULTUM IN PARVO": Space cleverly utilized in a home of to-day. Note the arrangement of cupboards, shelves, and drawers in this combined living and bedroom

WHEN the younger generation shook themselves free of the old and rather pretentious standards of furnishing and got down to organizing equipment for living a difficult post-War life, they soon discovered that there was need of the invention of some entirely new pieces of furniture. These, like new words in our language, have now become part of the accepted collection of things used! But for some years after the War we had to improvise.

From the large stucco-fronted mansions and the greater and the lesser country houses, we have moved to flats, maisonnettes, small houses, converted stables; first of all the heirlooms went with us, and many a delightful small room was dwarfed by an equally delightful and entirely out-of-place piece of oak or mahogany or walnut, to the ruination of both!

In despair we got rid of the family sideboard and rather helplessly looked around for a smaller one for the room that, in the new home, must serve as dining and as "withdrawing-room," and was called variously living-room, lounge, or parlour, according to the viewpoint we affected.

Very soon demand begat supply; intelligent furniture designers saw that that dresser-sideboard must combine with the desk and bookcase to be allowed space in the room at all, and a whole new range of ideas started. The two-purposes room gave the best British designers their chance.

Permutations and combinations were exciting: we tried out and liked the one-room flat (which, by the way, must not ever be confused with the bed-sitting room), with its bedroom and its reception-room equipment. Folding and disguised beds were invented and tried, and the divan bed came into its own; wash-basins were fitted in cupboards; tip-up baths in recesses; cooking apparatus folded away; cocktail cabinets were invented; and the innumerable possibilities of all these things led to inventions of every type, and to the specially tailored or the built-in type of fitting; and possibilities grew even more flexible.

We have now, as a result of all this gay exploration, the excellent varieties of Unit Combination furniture on the market. Ganes of Bristol were, I think, the pioneers in this, and we have also the specially designed two and three purposes fitments such as one may see brought to a high level of excellence by Bowmans of Camden Town.

There are possibilities especially in the combined kitchen and dining-room shown by the latter; a solution of the country cottage dining-room problem, for instance!

But all problems are not so simple of solution, and it is not always possible either in furnishing or life-in-general to start fresh with each new house! I have in mind a young married couple who have evolved a most excellent arrangement with what, for want of a better expression, we may call an "ordinary" set of dining-room and drawing-room furniture; theirs has been largely a matter of arrangement and the addition of a semi-circular seat for the background of their dinner table which is set in the far (window) corner of their living-room. A trolley helps with the service to this distant section of the room; and the rest of it, including the full-size sideboard, is easily assimilated into the general arrangement.

The real problem begins when it is a case of period furniture and a period atmosphere to be maintained: when either perfect antiques or careful reproductions seem rather to resent taking part in this new double harness. This so often occurs in the country house or cottage when the one living-room—better called the "parlour"—demands very sympathetic treatment indeed. The best advice in this case is that the sideboard should be, frankly, a "dresser" with all that object's real charm and a good display of suitable china and brass or pewter. The fault of "arty-craftiness" must not be committed; and a really good reproduction of period design is necessary; contrary to general belief, these are obtainable and delightful.

Then, if this be a dining-room, there must be a table: here the two-leaf folding type of Jacobean style is admirable, if rather ordinary. There is a period alternative which has been produced delightfully by certain firms: the *miniature* refectory table with draw leaf ends. This—taking very little room when pushed against the wall—is the ideal solution, I think.

But, in any case, those of us who, possessing period furniture, wonder if we achieve a two-purposes room, would do well to remember that it is perfectly possible, and most easily effected rather on the parlour lines.

Both care and ingenuity are needed in matters of equipment for living in the one-room flat; this concerns fixed basins and washing corners. A fixed basin concealed in a cupboard was installed for a very moderate cost by the artist-owner of a single room which he and his wife used as bedroom, sitting room and dining room, attached to his studio.

The work was done to his ideas by William Knight, Junior, the builder and decorator who specializes in this work, in Chelsea; the cost was low and the equipment complete, with automatic lighting. The wood used is simple American whitewood with modern handles to the cupboard doors.

Finally, since some of us are planning our ideal houses in, or out of, the country—*there is the specially built two-purposes room*, such as was recently incorporated in a studio-type house near London—this room, two storeys high and designed by G. Alan Fortescue in co-operation with Michael Dawn, has furniture specially intended for its purpose: the dining end, under two of the huge windows, has its window seat (another solution for the dining-room end of the small flat) and its table set opposite this. The two-purposes room, as this indeed shows, is so often a matter of arrangement rather than equipment.

However, the best course, when one is faced with the need of making two uses of one room, or even three, is to discard at once any furniture belonging to "suites" that too firmly proclaims its inherent purpose. And then seek out either the modern equivalent specially designed: the unit fitment that can be built up to one's needs, or the designer and carpenter who can evolve just that built-in specially "tailored" piece of furniture that will fit and fill the space at its disposal and perform the several duties needed!

THREE IN ONE: A well-planned piece of furniture comprising bookshelf, writing desk, and sideboard

Joan Woollcombe

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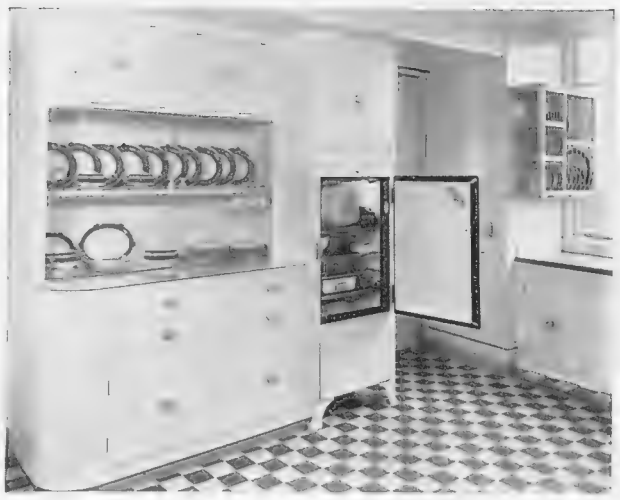
THE IDEAL KITCHEN

AS HOUSEKEEPERS, we women are incorrigibly frivolous. Or so it would seem, since so many of us are content with out-of-date kitchens as long as we can indulge in more thrilling improvements elsewhere.

The great argument in favour of expansiveness in the equipment of the kitchen is its ultimate economy. One need not be a statistician to prove that.

For instance, one cooking appliance costing twice as much as another may be a better proposition by far if the consumption of fuel by the first is only one third that of the second. Moreover, if the labour involved in maintaining the first is less than that required for the second, its other advantages are correspondingly enhanced.

The Aga cooker burns coke and is independent of gas and electricity. It burns day and night, and there is no morning fire to light. It needs be refuelled and riddled only once in twenty-four hours. It is always ready for immediate use, either boiling, simmering, or baking. It has a 10-gallon hot-water tank and surfaces of glazed non-cracking enamel. All metal parts are chromium plated. The cost of cooking for a family on this apparatus is £4 a year!



Work ceases to be a tiresome necessity in this admirably equipped Frigidaire kitchen, for everything is planned to further efficiency and to keep clean with the minimum of attention

The entire cooking for a whole family costs only £4 a year with an Aga cooker which is independent of gas and electricity and practically runs itself

Every up-to-date kitchen has its built-in cupboards now. Here space is provided for china, glass, cooking utensils, brushes and brooms, pails and receptacles and all the paraphernalia of cleaning. The pantry is carefully situated in the coolest part of the kitchen, lined throughout with tiles, and often shares with the refrigerator a separate recess built off from the main body of the room where cooking smells and fluctuating temperatures cannot penetrate.

Whether you choose gas or electricity for cooking in the really modern kitchen there are cookers which make a pleasure of necessity. For the very small house the latest miniature gas cooker is a triumph of neatness and efficiency. Finished in porcelain enamel with a glass-fronted oven, this small cooker is equal in performance to any full-sized model.

Wise spending in the sphere of smaller equipment is equally sound. Stainless steel utensils are superb in wear, in service, and in cleanliness. If their initial cost is more than that of lesser kinds their excuse is in the fact that they last a lifetime. In the end, as in the beginning, their appearance is bright and untarnished and only soap and water is needed to keep them so. Their heaviness is another important factor in the cause of economy since the thickness of the metal reduces the amount of current or gas needed to heat the contents.

AN ALOYSIUS HORN IN KENT

(Continued from p. 24)

ramping people gets angry when the guv'ner has to 'stand us off' for part of the winter, *I* understands about it. I've thought it all out. No man can pay us to do nothing. He has to save his money to buy all the seed and manure for next year. I turns to these wild folk and I says, 'Where's your sense? Has it *all* gone down to your *toescs*?' You've got to see the other side always, ain't yer?"

"I wouldn't go down to the main road on Sundays for any reason. All these motors rushing along so madly. What's the good of it? Won't stop for nothing, that's their cry. They looks for pleasure, and to be happy. They'll never find it tearing along. They dashes about and wants to pull everything down. What for? I says. All people need trouble about is having food and shelter and work to do. I don't go to pubs because I don't hold with all these argifying people. I mind once a tailor down there had a fight in 'The Three Bells'; it were over some Lord George and now I hears this Lord George is dead, or as good as, so what was the use of Bob Riley's black eyes."

We may smile tolerantly at Tom's simple philosophy, but I fancy that it is he who has the laugh on us, for he has found the secret of contentment in a "South Sea Isle"—not thousands of miles away from civilization, but in its very midst.

PRINCE GEORGE'S WEDDING CAKE

In preparation for the marriage of Prince George and Princess Marina, the order for the Royal Wedding Cake has now been placed. Messrs. McVitie and Price, Ltd., the famous biscuit and cake manufacturers, having had the honour of being entrusted with the task. The cake will be made at their Edinburgh Works, while the icing will be done at the Harlesden Works, London. The cake will be over 9 ft. high with a weight of 800 lbs., and all the ingredients are to be of Empire origin. When completed it will be mounted on a solid silver stand.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

This Society was given the delightful surprise and encouragement recently of a visit from a kind lady who called at their Head Office and left a gift of £50, because she herself had had such a delightful holiday. If other readers who have likewise had enjoyable holidays would like to follow this lady's example, even though the amount may not be so large, their "thank you" in this way would go towards helping many children on whom fortune has not smiled. The address is 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

"Prunella" "Yvonne" "Germaine"

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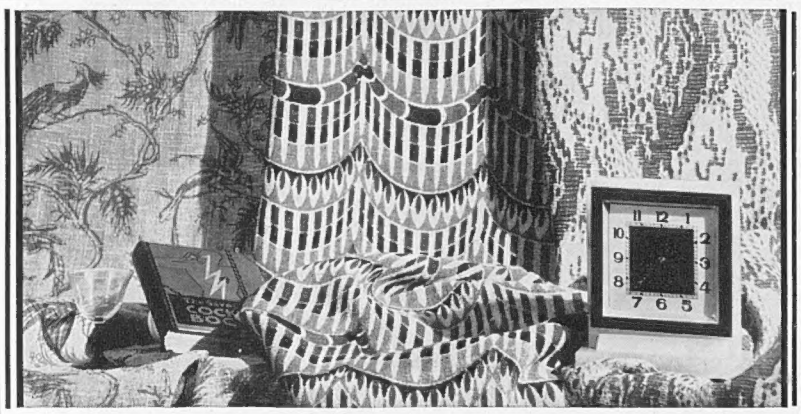

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PRINCE GEORGE and his fiancée, Princess Marina of Greece, left Bohinj together to-night in the late train to Munich, both wearing exactly similar big camel-hair overcoats and sportive blue and white scarves.

Princess Marina's decision to accompany Prince George for as much as possibl[illegible]

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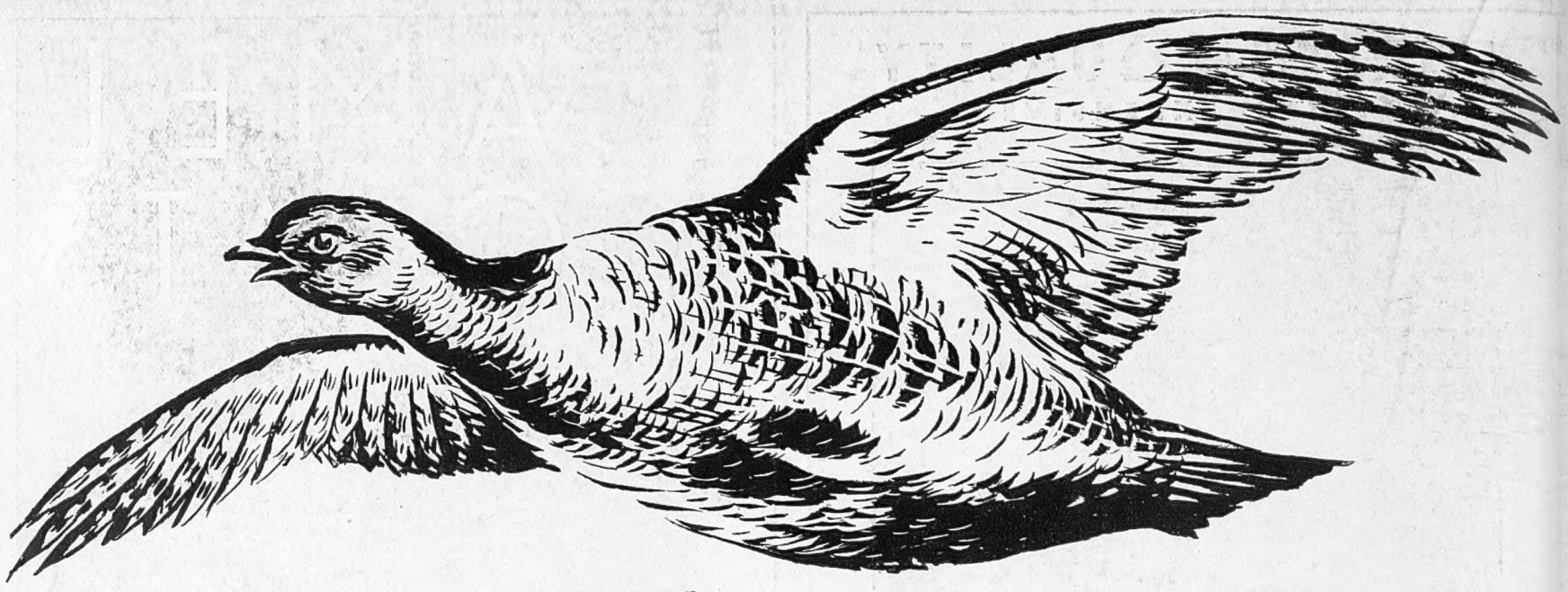

TO ALL SPORTSMEN
AND SPORTSWOMEN

Whether you are fortunate enough to enjoy your sport on most days of the week, or must "sandwich" it in between business activity, you would undoubtedly enjoy the SPORTING AND DRAMATIC.

The year round the Editorial columns—and magnificent pictures culled from every field of sporting activity—are filled with the writings of regular and special contributors whose observations and opinions are accepted as authentic as well as informative.

To make any attempt at describing the entertainment which you must enjoy from reading the SPORTING AND DRAMATIC would be extremely difficult. We therefore content ourselves by suggesting that you order it from your regular newsagent this week or get it at the bookstall on your way home. But we also invite you to read the sporting offer below. If you take advantage of it—as you should—we believe you will want to enjoy the SPORTING AND DRAMATIC every week; and of course, this is a paper you can pass on to friends living near to your home, and overseas.

Contributors to the SPORTING & DRAMATIC include:

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Double page illustrated article on LANCING COLLEGE in this issue

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—*October* 6, 1934. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

W., London (Italy and Tangier).—Although Merano is in the Dolomites, it is one of the finest health resorts in Europe, even during the winter. The air is extraordinarily clear, fresh, and bracing, the days being sunny, though not so warm as on the Riviera. It particularly benefits those who suffer from rheumatic complaints. The town itself is very pleasant with many parks and gardens, and two very fine promenades, the Passeggiata Tappeiner winding for 3 miles, all on the level, along the mountain side. Many people visit Merano during the winter months, and personally we think you would very much enjoy a stay there. There is no gambling in Tangier, and the currency is French, though hotel bills can be paid with English money. The best hotel there is the El Minza, and we can also recommend the Villa de France which is more reasonable in price. Tangier is built on the side of a hill, so that there is very little level ground for walking. It is possible to go from Gibraltar to Trieste (about four hours' journey from Venice by rail) by the boats of the Cosulich Line, who have a sailing about once a month. Otherwise you could book from London to Naples by Orient Line, travelling overland from there to Venice, breaking your journey on the way out for a stay at Tangier, which is a short local crossing from Gibraltar.

R., Durham (Berlin).—A small, reasonably priced hotel in Berlin is the Kürfurstenheim, 97, Kürfurstenstr. Railway porters make a fixed charge for each piece of luggage carried, namely 20 pfennigs, and it is not necessary to give any tip in addition to this. A charge of 10 per cent. is added to hotel bills to cover all gratuities, and the same rule is followed for meals on trains. Apart from the list of "sights" to see in Berlin and its environs which we have sent you, you might pay a visit to the Deutschland Enquiry and Publicity Offices, Columbus House, 1, Potsdamer Platz where you will receive a good deal of helpful information concerning what to see and do in Berlin.

T., Bermuda (Air Services to Egypt).—The single fare by Imperial Airways from London to Cairo is £42, which includes all meals and hotel accommodation (including tips) during the voyage, and all surface transport which forms part of the voyage; 221 lb. weight of luggage is allowed each passenger, though this includes the weight of the passenger. There is a service from London (Croydon Aerodrome) every Wednesday and Saturday morning, arriving in Cairo Friday and Monday evening respectively. The journey between Paris and Brindisi is made by train. You will require light summer clothing for Egypt, but the evenings, particularly in January, can be very chilly, so that it is wise to take a warm coat or evening wrap.

Hints to Travellers

ECONOMICAL TRAVEL TO SOUTH AFRICA.

It will interest intending visitors to South Africa during the coming months, to learn that the Holland-Africa Line are offering considerably reduced fares for the winter season for passages from Dover to South African ports. The boats which have been placed on this service are the new fast twin-screw motor vessels, *Bloemfontein* and *Jaggersfontein*, both of which have luxurious passenger accommodation. A feature of travel by this line to South Africa is that facilities are offered for the outward journey by way of the Atlantic and Cape of Good Hope, whilst the return journey can be made via East African ports and the Suez Canal. The advantages of this service are admirably illustrated in a very artistically designed folder, printed, by the way, in this country, reproducing various delightful scenes of African travel, and this will be supplied free of charge on application to the Holland Africa Line agents in this country, Phs. Van Ommeren (London), Ltd., 19, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all comf. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr R.M. 4, w. p. b. fr. R.M. 8. A. Grieshaber, Man.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

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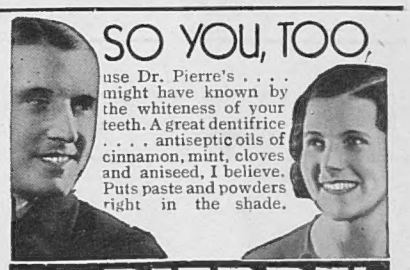

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